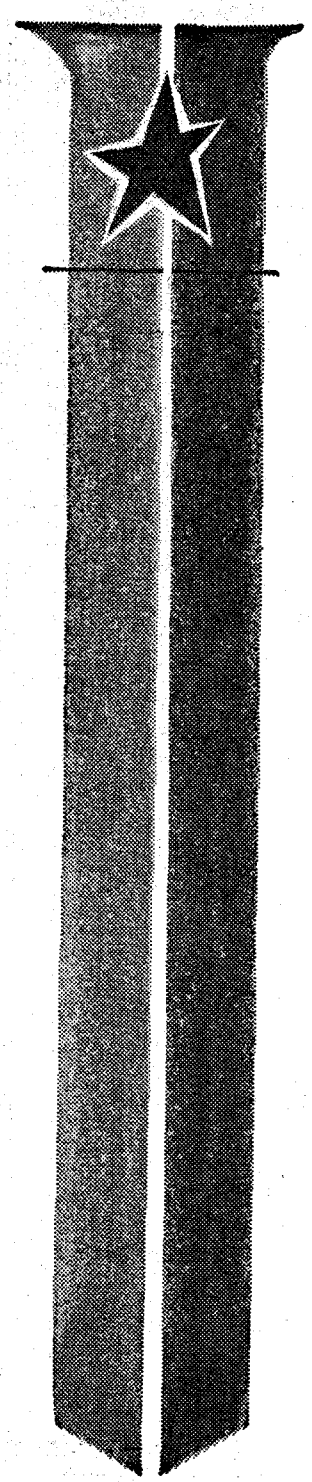
THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 22, 1962 . . 25c

HUGHES FOR THE SENATE: *Allen Klein*



Cuba Today

An Eyewitness Report

Samuel Shapiro

Air-Line Stewardess:

GLAMOUR IS NOT ENOUGH

Ruth Weyand

United Nations Compass:

From East-West to North-South

Jane Stolle

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LETTERS

Disarmament Without Pain

Dear Sirs: Re William S. Royce's "Economics of Disarmament" in your September 8 issue: In a letter by the Nobel laureate, Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, which appeared in the June issue of *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* the fallacy of using the state of the economy as justification for adopting only slow and cautious disarmament measures was clearly demonstrated. Wrote Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi:

"I venture to propose a simple way which would enable the United States to disarm completely, in one stroke, without any disturbance of its economy. It is the following: We continue to vote our military budget and the Pentagon goes on passing out all contracts, obliging the single firms to pass out all subcontracts and pay all its workers—but all under one strict condition, i.e., that nothing is produced. We could then reduce the military budget at the measure at which the war industry adapts to new production, stretching this reduction over a period, say, of twelve years. What we do gradually is thus not the disarmament, but the reduction of the budget."

MARK A. SONNENBERG
New York City Columbia College '63

Dear Sirs: Mr. Royce's article is timely and vital. However, his concern about replacing "that huge gap in the Gross National Product" and at the same time keeping Russia "in its place" indicates that the author has not yet faced up to the real issues of the day: the class struggle in our Western world. We arm not to alleviate this struggle, but to perpetuate the disparity between the rich and the poor....

Detroit, Mich. JOHN Z. GELSAVAGE

'America's' Editorial

Dear Sirs: With regard to *America* magazine's September 1 editorial "To Our Jewish Friends" (commented upon in your issue of September 8), certain points cry out for rebuttal. The editorial was not, by any stretch of the imagination, the gentle but well-meant admonition of a wise and benevolent parent, directed at his sometimes-errant children. Rather, I found it a subtle, nasty, backhanded slur directed at all Jews—assimilationist or orthodox, pliant or pious.

I would suggest to the editors of *America* that they muster the moral courage to publish a full retraction and apology in their next issue. Until such time as they do so, they will have far fewer "Jewish Friends" than they might suppose. Even Jew-hating has its price.

Paramus, N.J. EUGENE A. LEEB

Complaint

Is to print them upside down!
(There should be a law!)
But the final straw
And cause many a sigh and frown,
That your puzzles are tough
It's not enough

HOWARD CUSHMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

This is what we did to the crossword puzzle in our Sept. 8 issue. Sorry! — Ed.

Hope for Labor

Dear Sirs: I dissent vigorously from George Kirstein's stereotype of "Labor" that has outlived its role . . . (*The Nation,* September 1). True, in these years the tide of crusading unionism has been ebbing from the flood level of the mid-thirties. The unions built too well in those years. As they gained the security and improved living standards sought by their members, too many of those same members forgot the true source of their strength — the brotherhood of working people. But labor is only as strong as its people — in a nation, in a community, or on a job. And what liberal today does not decry the tragic disengagement of citizens generally from their democratic institutions?

The charge that "At this writing, organized labor is not participating in the progressive programs of our era," simply is not true. The unions give time and money in support of legislation for housing, education, medicare, minimum wage standards and scores of other issues on national, state and local levels. Among the rank and file of the unions, probably thousands participate in the movement for peace and social justice. . . .

Sadly, a few international unions still tolerate or encourage Jim Crowism and discrimination against minority races. But increasingly they are ending these practices and disciplining locals that refuse to integrate. In my trade, office work, here in the Northwest, the employers maintain a cruel color bar that we have not yet been able to break down. Minority races are and have always been welcome in our union.

As for the white-collar worker, from my experience as a member for almost twenty years of the Office Employes International Union, I know that many white-collar workers are not yet ready to accept unionism. But slowly they are changing. Since our International was chartered in 1945, we have grown from 22,000 to 55,000, nearly threefold. . . .

Mr. Kirstein concludes that at this Labor Day, 1962, "the militant labor leader of yesteryear is evolving into the aging labor 'statesman' of today, and is presiding with experience and tenacity over the decent burial of the organization which he built with such energy

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 8

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'We Are a Great Country'

This was Secretary of State Dean Rusk's reply to Khrushchev's warning that an attack by the United States on Cuba, or upon Soviet ships bound for Cuba, might result in a thermonuclear war. "We are not nervous or afraid," the Secretary added.

But does not a great country deserve great leadership? Can it remain great without greatness at the top? The Kennedy Administration may not be nervous or afraid in the face of Khrushchev's threats and polemics, but unless it can show similar fortitude against its internal enemies, it will be driven into a position which has all the makings of political disaster. If the President tries to avoid debate and mollify his right-wing critics, he will be forced into measures which could make the April, 1961, Cuban-invasion debacle look like a mere passing embarrassment. The chances are that Khrushchev would not let fly with the ICBMs, but nothing would suit his purposes better than to have the United States convert Cuba into an American Hungary. Castro might go the way of Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter, but Castroism would be given a powerful impetus in all the unstable republics of Latin America. The rest of the world would wonder whether we were indeed morally superior to the Soviets, a claim which the ranting of our right-wing chauvinists has already put in question.

These are the political liabilities. Militarily, there is no doubt that the United States could bring down the Castro regime, but unless nuclear weapons were used it could be a long, bloody operation, worse for American prestige than the Finnish war of 1939 was for the Russians (see "Cuba Today," page 146). On all counts, Cuba is a place to stay out of. But it is not enough to stay out. Irresolution and inaction can be fatal on the domestic political front when the party out of power (and the fifth column of the party in power) is in a position to capitalize on the country's difficulties abroad. A logical position must be established and it must be defended by the President himself.

Mr. Kennedy laid the groundwork in his statement of September 4, in which he declared that there was no evidence of a Soviet combat force in Cuba and no evidence of either Cuban or Soviet offensive capability or intentions. The possibility of an attack on the United States by Cuba, with or without the aid of World War II materiel and a few thousand technicians, is ludicrous on the face of it. As for Castro's spreading his revolution to Latin America by military means, he has his fill of troubles at home—and no navy. Mr. Kennedy has a gift for political satire, as well as a gift for acquiring facts. He can use both against the small group of political opportunists who, with an eye on the November elections, are clamoring for warlike action.

Mr. Kennedy cannot counter them by holding his hands in front of his face, or returning a soft answer. He cannot let others do the fighting for him. "We must get tough," said Senator Humphrey, "with swaggering irresponsibles in these very halls of Congress who are willing to destroy the entire Alliance for Progress in order to make political capital. . . ." It is good advice, and the President's statement at his press conference on September 13 is a reassuring indication that he has decided to heed it.

The Cuban Follies

A composite recording of the statements of American and Soviet dignitaries on the Cuban situation, without ascription, would serve a useful purpose. Listening to such a collection, a sober observer of the international scene would have to conclude that these bloodthirsty threats, these *non sequiturs*, these paranoid exaggerations could have issued only from a special kind of madhouse, to which only statesmen could gain admittance. The recording could start appropriately with excerpts from the Soviet statement of September 11, which covered all the ground from the Russian Revolution to the Cuban crisis and blamed almost everything in that forty-five-year interval on the United States. The choicest bit would be at the beginning, where the Soviets avowed that they could put up with the rival bourgeois parties vying with each other in hurling infamies at the peace forces, but when the President of the United States asked Congress for the power to call up 150,000 reservists, that was too much.

The joke has three parts: first, the manpower of the Soviet Armed Forces, which surely far exceeds that of the United States even if these men should be called up; second, the patent fact that the President's re-

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quest was a psycho-political maneuver designed to disarm the fire-eaters and alarmists urging him to "do something"; third, the equally patent fact, verified by recent experience, that a sizable proportion of the reservists would spend their tour of duty bitching about the victimization to which an ungrateful government had subjected them — and vowing revenge at the polls.

The Soviet pamphleteers face stiff competition, however, from their American counterparts. With no other evidence than the fact that the President had spoken at the same press conference about Cuba and Berlin, Senator Kenneth B. Keating (R., N.Y.) warned that a "horse trade" was in the wind which would "make our most hard-boiled negotiators blush." Senator Keating wept so loudly about the impending "betrayal" that the President heard him and delegated Senator Engle (D., Calif.) to call him to account. Briefed by the White House, but speaking extempore at an NBC-TV show, Engle declared that "we can take the top six feet off of all of Cuba with one air strike, and all that's built on it, and all that live on it." He then piously explained that he was not advocating this punitive measure, which would incinerate the millions of Cuban patriots who are reportedly praying for Uncle Sam to rescue them.

Much also can be said in the line of emulative lunacy for Senator Homer Capehart (R., Ind.) who has long advocated invasion, and for his brother-in-arms, Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.). Robert Taylor, a *Washington Star* staff writer, asked Senator Thurmond whether an invasion of Cuba might not set off World War III. Taylor says that in a horror-stricken voice Thurmond replied, "That's *defeatist* talk. That's what the Communists want us to think. That's the line the Communists spread in the Korean War."

Also deserving of honorable mention is Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) who opposed invasion but proposed the formation of a foreign legion of embattled Cubans and Latin Americans who would do the fighting without laying us open to "unnecessary attack by the Communist and Castroite propaganda apparatus." Last and perhaps least, we have Senator John Tower (R., Tex.) who complained that the brilliantly successful Eisenhower-Dulles policy of "massive retaliation" has been turned into a policy of "massive appeasement" and that the most powerful nation in the world "is acting like the most craven." For this lamentable state of affairs he blamed the President. Senator Tower's indictment would be a fitting conclusion for the record, which would thus start and finish with the Chief Executive's sins and misdemeanors, as viewed from both sides of the iron curtain.

Aw, Give J. Edgar a Degree!

In a laudatory article on J. Edgar Hoover in *Ebony*, the writer describes the FBI Director reminiscing about "his great Negro FBI agents, great in the sense that they have served and continued to serve unselfishly and without fanfare in his crime-busting family." During the interview, Mr. Hoover's Negro doorman, a special agent who has been with the FBI for thirty-six years, crossed the office to adjust a venetian blind. The chief crime-buster noted his presence. "Take Sam," he said, "visitors have to pass him. Many times I can't see them, but Sam makes a good impression. You can make or break a visitor by the reception he or she receives."

How many Negro FBI agents there are, and how many of them are chauffeurs, doormen, etc., the article does not state. On the subject of using Negro agents for civil-rights cases in the South, however, Mr. Hoover was forthright. "You have to be realistic," he explained. "Imagine sending a colored agent into the South on such missions. This is just not realistic." The segregationists beat up even white FBI men, so what would they do to a Negro?

Mr. Hoover has many good friends among Negroes, the article tells us, and adds: "Yet with his friendly relations, he has not been awarded an honorary degree of a Negro college (as he has numerous times of white colleges) or been cited by Negro groups for his law-enforcement record." It is an omission which can and should be rectified. Even if there are few Negro special agents in the FBI, there must be one Negro institution of higher learning in the land that will give Mr. Hoover a degree if only he would put a stop to the foot-dragging that has characterized the FBI's role in civil-rights cases these many years. Southerners concerned about civil rights, reports Claude Sitton in *The New York Times* (August 26), "are skeptical about the activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the civil-rights field. 'I know from experience in representing clients across the South'" — the article is quoting Wiley A. Branton, a civil-rights lawyer of Pine Bluffs, Arkansas — "'that many Negroes feel that the local FBI agents are not too much different in their attitudes from the local police in the communities in which they live.'"

Doubling in Brass

It is often said that Defense Secretary McNamara has succeeded in subduing the military who, under General Eisenhower's Secretaries of Defense, were perhaps the nation's loudest speechmakers. With the Air Force, however, Mr. McNamara still has some way to go. He is rather in the position of a lion-tamer who is barely able to keep the beast at bay by cracking the whip with one hand while firing his revolver with the other. The task is rendered more difficult by two leonine characters who cannot be kept in the Defense Department cage, but roam the Capitol at will. These are Senators Barry Goldwater and Howard W. Cannon, Republican and Democrat respectively, generals in the Air Force Re-

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serve and as martial-looking a pair as you could wish to see at the annual convention of the Air Force Association.

What the Air Force cannot say to Mr. McNamara directly, or with any hope of persuading him, it can say through these Senator-Generals. The Air Force is persuaded of its mission in space and would like a bigger slice of that domain, now largely controlled by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. After the Soviet Vostok flights in August, Generals Cannon and Goldwater redoubled their efforts in this direction. "Let us extend our imaginations," said General Goldwater, proposing an Air Force base on the moon. "From it could be launched lunar-base missiles," he continued, "which would require much smaller boost and much smaller weight in order to carry military warheads." General Goldwater is what Dr. Lee DuBridge calls a "space idiot." The boost required to get off the moon is relatively small, but to get the warheads up there, enormous horsepower is required. Besides which there is the awkward fact that it will take from sixty to 120 hours for the missile to reach the target, compared with fifteen or twenty minutes (with incomparably greater accuracy) from any point on earth.

Rep. George P. Miller, chairman of the House Space Committee, listed Generals Goldwater and Cannon (with Senator Dodd) among those who "beat the military drums" every time the Soviets do something in space. Representative Miller feels that we have quite enough military effort in space and decries "Monday-morning quarterbacks whose teeth start chattering after every Russian spectacular. . . ." He explained patiently why space weapons are not such a menace as Generals Goldwater and Cannon seem to believe. It is doubtful whether the spokesmen of the Air Force will be convinced. Their teeth are not really chattering. They have merely got hold of a good thing, politically. Their technical knowledge is slight, and that of the public is just as scanty. The idea is to get larger appropriations for the Air Force. Representative Miller will have to take the floor over and over again, and keep on talking good sense, if he expects to make any impression on the press and the public. As for impressing his doughty colleagues in the upper House, that is even less likely.

U.N. Compass: East-West to North-South . . *Jane Stolle*

United Nations

THE SEVENTEENTH General Assembly of the United Nations opened this week—one year to the day after Dag Hammarskjold crashed to his death in an airplane over an African jungle. In the intervening period, the U.N. has moved from the early post-Hammarskjold days of stunned inactivity, through near-mortal crisis, to its present calm state of readiness for the ushering in of a new era. For this evolution, Acting Secretary General U Thant could, but modestly doesn't, take credit.

The phrase "new era" needs explanation. The new Assembly will deal, for the most part, with old problems—the unification of Korea, disarmament, Hungary, the suspension of nuclear testing, China. But these hardy perennials will appear in the new light cast by a shifting emphasis from the historic East-West struggle to the starkly emerging North-South conflict. Perhaps the "Rich-Poor" conflict would be a more appropriate tag for the new international tensions that rose concurrently with the "independence explosion" that began after World War II and reached its peak when, in 1960, twenty former colonies entered the U.N. as free and independent countries. There are more sovereignties still to be born, but the full impact of the decolonization process struck the U.N. two years ago; what the U.N. now must do is to adjust to the new era into which it has moved.

NO ONE IS more aware of the swing of the international compass than U Thant. Mr. Thant is from Burma, and in his part of the world the struggle against hunger is far more real than the ideological battle of wits and weapons between the "evolved" areas (where, astonishingly, overweight is a problem). True, Mr. Thant is working within a framework brilliantly and painstakingly created by his predecessor, the late Dag Hammarskjold. The intellectual, dedicated Swede had carried the U.N. into areas of thought and action that probed far into the future of universality. Adjusting to the changes in the world since the U.N.'s inception in 1945, Hammarskjold prodded the organization into vital participation in those changes. Sometimes he moved *ahead* of the changes; sometimes the pace he led was breathtaking. Few of the "rich" member nations were in step with him, particularly after the witching year of 1960, and the organization felt the impact of their opposition. The obvious case in point is the U.N. operation in the Congo.

Second guessing on the Congo is still a major indoor sport at the U.N., and this writer will strictly abstain. For the purposes of this article, however, it must be noted that Hammarskjold's daring introduction of the world body into the Rich-Poor struggle, as manifested in the Congo, marked a turning point: no longer would cold-war problems dominate the U.N. agenda; and no longer would small, weak nations be drawn helplessly into one or the other camp through lack of administrative know-how or economic means. As envisaged in the Congo operation, the world body would fill the gap between colonial tutelage

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and viable self-government. And by filling what had heretofore been a vacuum, the U.N. would (1) deprive the cold warriors on both sides of opportunity for expansion and (2) permit the newly independent country to get on with the business of exploiting its natural resources for its own welfare. The Congo was designed as a showcase for this operation — an example for other small, new nations struggling to make their economic and political breakthrough into the twentieth century.

AS everyone knows, the Congo operation didn't quite work out that way. Nevertheless, history will surely record it as a turning point in postwar international relations. The hungry people who make up three-quarters of the world's population will attest to this. Though many of their representatives in the U.N. disagreed with Hammarskjold's *implementation* of his plan to keep the cold war out of the Congo, they thought the *idea* was fine. The cold war leaves them cold—and poor. Frustrating and infuriating as it may be to the rich protagonists of the ideological debate between the East and the West, the poor countries want out of it, at least for the present. Both they and the U.N. learned lessons in the Congo that further that possibility.

U Thant, as a former prominent member of the Afro-Asian group in the U.N., grasps by instinct what Hammarskjold understood intellectually: the role of economics in world politics. With that advantage, he assumed leadership of the U.N. at a time of growing awareness throughout the world that an empty stomach makes an angry man. Through sheer self-interest, the rich nations are replacing missionaries with missions in remote corners of the world. (It is amusing to note that, here at the U.N., what were formerly called "backward countries" have euphemistically progressed to "undeveloped," then to "underdeveloped" and now to "less sophisticated.") Bilateral aid is no longer considered a handout, but a hand-up.

The supplying of multilateral aid—both technical and economic—is considered by U Thant to be the U.N.'s number one objective. His reasoning was indicated at a press conference he gave at headquarters here on August 2, 1962:

> . . . Since the end of World War II, the rich countries are getting richer and poor countries are getting poorer, and this trend has been going on uninterruptedly. I think this division of the world into the rich and the poor is much more real and much more serious, and ultimately more explosive, than the division of the world on ideological grounds. *Secondly* [italics added], of course, I think it is the function of the leaders of men today to try to create better understanding between the East and the West. If I may be more candid, let me say this: to many Americans, communism is an evil as absolute as nazism or murder, and anyone who questions this dogma is regarded as being afflicted with this contagion. In the same way, many Russians believe that capitalism is an absolute evil, like a hideous crime. My own belief is that both these extremes are wrong.

He believes that, because, as he said on another occasion (press conference, Helsinki, Finland, July 26, 1962), history has shown that no country has permanent friends or permanent enemies, but only permanent interests; and he who is regarded as one's friend today may be one's enemy tomorrow, and vice versa. Therefore, tensions born out of political ideologies are not a permanent feature of human society and, barring the catastrophic intervention of nuclear war through accident—for no country *wants* war—they can be peacefully allayed in time.

"Maybe now they can relax — and come down to earth."

SOME Western delegates here find U Thant's Buddhist calm irritating, based as it is on perspectives somewhat longer than they care to contemplate; but much praise from all sides has come for the Acting Secretary General's candor and simplicity of phrase. Oddly, the "inscrutability" that is supposed to go with the Oriental has been less apparent in the Burmese than in his Western predecessor, Dag Hammarskjold. The late Secretary General spoke at length in philosophic, historical terms that one correspondent, who had covered the Vatican before coming to the U.N., described as "Papal." Seldom did he "call names," and then only by implication. U Thant has roundly denounced both the Soviet Union and the United States for resuming nuclear tests, and on his recent trip to the Soviet Union, chastised the Kremlin for withholding from the Russian public certain information regarding the U.N. operations in the Congo. Some members of the Secretariat privately regretted the Secretary General's recent blunt characterization of Katanga's Moise Tshombe and his colleagues as "clowns"; many Africans, professing publicly to be offended, privately agreed with him.

U Thant's habit of candor is significant in view of the fact that the Seventeenth General Assembly will have as perhaps its most im-

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mediately important matter of business the choice of a permanent Secretary General. The late Hammarskjold's term would have expired in April, 1963, and the current session will decide whether U Thant is to fill the post for the next six years.

A major question mark is the attitude of the Soviet Union. At the time of Hammarskjold's death, the Russians seriously attempted to substitute a West-Neutral-East triumvirate for a single Secretary General. Encountering resistance to this proposal, not only from the West but, more significantly, from a majority of the neutrals and the small powers, the Russians abandoned the "troika" idea "for the time being" (as they darkly hinted). No sign of its revival has as yet appeared, nor has there been a renewal of attacks against the Secretary General's post per se, as had occurred during the stewardship of Hammarskjold. In the Soviet Union's most recent fulmination against U.N. operations in the Congo, the object of attack was the organization itself and not —as in Hammarskjold's day — the Secretary General.

The Western powers are openly committed to supporting U Thant, and no resistance to him is expected from neutral quarters. So, except for unforeseen, last-minute Russian opposition — which is always possible —U Thant is a shoo-in. This is true, not only because he has ably led the organization in perhaps its most difficult year, and because he has remained truly neutral in a body reflecting the world's divisions, but most of all, because he doesn't particularly want the job.

U THANT has, of course, never said so publicly. But the consensus here is that he will accept the position only on his own terms, and only from a sense of duty. He profoundly believes in the U.N.; his dedication is no less than Hammarskjold's. But, as he said in Helsinki and repeated here at the two press conferences cited above, before offering himself for a full term he wanted to be sure that "the necessary means" were at his disposal to "discharge the obligations and responsibilities entrusted to me by the various organs of the U.N." By "necessary means" he meant both a solution of the financial mess into which the organization has been plunged by its peace-keeping operations in the Gaza Strip and the Congo, and the assurance that the large majority of the member states will cooperate with him in achieving what he believes should be the U.N.'s primary objectives: (1) narrowing the gulf between the Rich and the Poor and (2) arriving at a better understanding between the West and the East, i.e., the United States and the USSR.

PRIMARY objective two—"better East-West understanding"—will not be furthered when some of the hoarier agenda items mentioned earlier come up: the question of Hungary, unification of Korea, report of the Disarmament Commission and, undoubtedly, the representation of (which) China in the U.N. (This question has not as yet been formally inscribed.) Fortunately, Algeria and West New Guinea have been eliminated as platforms for East vs. West propaganda. The problem of West New Guinea, in fact, is one item in which West, rather reluctantly, *did* meet East through U.N. conciliation. The General Assembly is expected to approve quickly the agreement reached between the Netherlands and Indonesia by which the former Dutch possession will pass to Indonesia, with U.N. troops supervising the take-over period and—unprecedentedly—with U.N. administrators exercising interim executive authority. Also noteworthy is that Indonesia and the Netherlands will share the entire expense incurred under the agreement. (Lessons were indeed learned in the Congo!)

The numerous and important "colonial" issues to come before the Assembly will be colored by both the Rich-Poor and the East-West divisions, since the economics of the independence movements in the underdeveloped world are part and parcel of the cold war, whether the "underdevelopeds" like it or not. The United States does not look forward to the debates on the future of Southern Rhodesia and Angola; in fact, the United States hopes that the "independence watchdog" Committee of Seventeen, set up to investigate the decolonization process, can be persuaded to temper its proddings of the United Kingdom and Portugal toward Southern Rhodesian and Angolan independence.

Most officials here are hoping—and many believe—that this Assembly will be spared the sharpest East-West confrontation of all—a debate on Berlin.

PROVIDING the "necessary (financial) means" will be a real stemwinder of a problem, and must be thoroughly gone into because the U.N. is on the verge of bankruptcy.

As this is written, the initial step toward solving the financial crisis —the $200,000,000 U.N. bond proposal—is still to go into final debate in the U.S. House of Representatives. (The Senate has passed a bill which would allow the United States to put up dollar-for-dollar what other nations put up.) If, as is expected, the U.S. share is forthcoming, the U.N. will have some $150,000,000 with which to pay back bills and to keep UNOC (the Congo force) and UNEF (the Gaza force), as well as its regular operations, going until the end of the year. During the current Assembly, the entire fiscal machinery of the U.N. will be reviewed and, hopefully, set in order.

One of the liveliest debates will center on the advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice, handed down in July, that peacekeeping operations of the U.N. (UNEF and UNOC) constitute expenses of the organization within the meaning of Article 17 (2) of the U.N. Charter, which provides that "the expenses of the Organization shall be borne by the members as apportioned by the General Assembly." But the World Court's opinion, it should be stressed, is only advisory and (as has happened to some of its opinions in the past) may be ignored.

In any case, there is hope here that the U.N. military operation in the Congo will be finished soon, with the consequent easing of the organization's budgetary difficulties. But U Thant has given forewarning that he will have to ask for additional money and personnel merely to keep the regular business of the U.N. in

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step with its increasing membership (104 today, soon to be 106).

So much — in necessarily sketchy form — for the financial means that U Thant wishes to be sure are "at his disposal."

A MODEST start has already been made in closing the Rich-Poor gap —the first of U Thant's two primary objectives for the U.N. Under the general heading of the "Development Decade," programs are in progress (others are to come) designed to bring about a 5 per cent annual increase in the national income of less developed countries by 1970, with continued annual expansion thereafter. With such an increase, U Thant, in his report setting out a series of "Proposals for Action" in the Development Decade, says that personal living standards in the less developed countries can be doubled within twenty-five to thirty years, even if their present 2 to 2.5 per cent population growth rate is maintained.

The USSR has been generally missing from the "majority" of member nations that have been cooperating in the technical- and economic-assistance programs of the U.N. (the Russians have contributed token amounts to some). But Soviet reluctance may be gradually overcome, U.N. observers feel. There are already encouraging signs. In the past, the Soviet Union gave as one reason for its non-participation the fact that only a handful of Russian experts were ever used in U.N. assistance programs; and, though the U.N. was not to blame, the complaint was justified. There was, first of all, the language difficulty. More countries in need of technical aid spoke English, French or Spanish as a second tongue than did the available Russian experts. Now, the Soviet Union furnishes interpreters for their experts and at the same time Russian linguistic ability is growing. Moreover, there was a certain reluctance — sometimes engendered by former colonial powers — to invite experts from Communist-bloc countries into a developing economy. The U.N. has quelled most of those fears by appointing its own "overseers" — resident representatives — who pass on and coordinate every project in their respective areas. The system has worked so well that the "handful" of Russian experts had risen to eighty-nine as of last July. A U.N. mission is reportedly going to the Soviet Union in the near future to see what can be done about stepping up Russian cooperation in both technical and economic assistance. There is perhaps more optimism on that score than is justified, but the Secretariat apparently hopes that the clamor from the underdeveloped world for multilateral aid—aid with no political strings attached — has reached, persuasively, the Kremlin. It hopes so not only because every little bit helps the U.N. to meet the enormous demands made upon it from every corner of the emerging world, but also because here is an opportunity for the East to meet the West in a common effort to bring about peaceable change. Cooperation in helping to close the Rich-Poor gap might lead some day to Primary Objective Two. "No countries have permanent friends or enemies—only permanent interests."

CUBA TODAY: Eyewitness Report . . *by Samuel Shapiro*

THE CONDITION of the Havana Hilton (now Havana Libre) Hotel today would dismay its former managers were they allowed into Cuba to see it. The automatic treadles that open the doors won't work; the bellboys wear patched and dirty uniforms; the glass bubbles that roof the lobby leak; and half of the elevators aren't running. When I ate in the third-floor dining room last month, four waiters, in shirtsleeves and without ties, raced around serving several hundred guests a uniform meal of bread, cold macaroni, chocolate and pineapple jam. Standards of cleanliness and service in what four years ago was one of the newest and most elegant hotels in the Caribbean have fallen to a level that would abash an innkeeper in Bolivia or Paraguay.

The change in the clientele has been even more revolutionary: the old crowd of tourists, movie stars, businessmen, gamblers and gangsters has vanished. Among the permanent residents, I met Polish instructors in mechanical engineering, a British physics professor, a Rumanian oil-driller from Ploesti (whose 200-foot-high rig was on display on a nearby avenue), Czech agronomists and a handful of Americans working for the Central Planning Board (JUCEPLAN). Thousands of Russian and Chinese technicians are scattered elsewhere in hotels and private homes in the swank Vedado and Miramar districts. On August 9, the day I arrived, 1,200 delegates of the First National Congress of the Union of Secondary School Students (UES) were meeting in the Havana Libre's main ballroom under huge posters of Lenin and Fidel.

BECAUSE the regime's emphasis on education is so intense, a description of the UES meetings is probably the best introduction to the mood and the direction of Castro's revolution midway through its fourth year. Nineteen sixty-one was the "Year of Alphabetization" in Cuba (as 1959 was the "Year of Liberation," 1960 the "Year of the Agrarian Reform" and 1962 the "Year of Planning"), during which more than 100,000 volunteers, most of them teen-agers, fanned out over the island and reduced illiteracy from about 25 per cent to less than 4 per cent (vs. 2.5 per cent for the United States and 90 per cent

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for neighboring Haiti). Havana University was also reorganized in 1961, with Juan Marinello, an old Communist militant, installed as Rector, and dozens of "unreliable" students and faculty members in jail or in voluntary exile. Now, with the students back from alphabetizing work and their voluntary labor in the cane fields during the sugar harvest (January to May), the junior high and high schools are being reshaped to meet the needs of the first Communist state in this hemisphere. (Most Cuban officials are still a little hesitant about using that name, though decreasingly so; they prefer to call their revolution "Socialist" and their ideology "Marxism-Leninism."

AS THAT rarity, a visiting American, I was greeted with great cordiality by the UES directors, given a delegate's blue badge, and allowed to attend all the remaining meetings and meals. During a morning session, I sat in on the committee discussing libraries and student life. The seriousness and sophistication of these young people (ages twelve to eighteen) was astonishing, even considering that they were a picked group. One young man, just back from a year in the USSR, described practices at the Moscow University for Friendship of the Peoples "Patricio Lumumba." Another delegate from Cienfuegos asked about "counterrevolutionary" literature: should one read Plato or Kant? A lively discussion followed. Finally, one delegate, later introduced to me as a leader of the Union of Young Communists (UJC), gave a semi-official answer:

> We are not afraid of Kant. He was a part of intellectual history, and we may use him as Marx and Engels used Hegel. We can, as young Communists, read anything. It is important for us to know all philosophies, so that we can clear up the minds of the confused, and combat the false ideas of the ill-intentioned.

It was so voted, and the committee moved on to the next item on the agenda: whether or not owning a private library ran counter to the spirit of the revolution at this time.

It would be easy to sneer at or satirize that meeting; a rewrite man for *Time* would have a field day making fun of such sober-sided young people (he would note that, among other amenities, the government provided all those adolescents with unlimited quantities of free cigarettes). But they *are* serious, grimly so; they speak of themselves as "the vanguard of Cuban youth," leaders who "will help to build a Socialist Cuba." All of them have carried arms in the militia, and one fifteen-year-old was introduced to me as having fought against the invaders at Playa Girón last year. Many of the delegates I spoke to were children of unskilled workers or *guajiros* (farm laborers) for whom the revolution had opened up undreamed-of possibilities: meetings like that at the Havana Libre; full tuition scholarships; careers as doctors, diplomats and engineers; above all, a heady sense of responsibility and the feeling of marching with what they called the Socialist camp to inevitable victory over Yankee imperialism. With idealism, pride, patriotism, propaganda, self-interest, and Castro's compelling personality all pulling in one direction, there is small wonder that these young people were fanatically *fidelista*.

THE MAIN speaker that evening was Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, a leading Communist for a quarter of a century (he was Minister without Portfolio under Batista from 1940 to 1944), now head of the protean National Institute of the Agrarian Reform (INRA). He was late, however; unpunctuality is one Latin habit that even the revolution has been unable to change — yet. To fill in the time the delegates — acting like Cubans and adolescents at last! — swirled about the hall in a *conga* line, singing the newest of the many catchy tunes spawned by the revolution:

> I don't want any whiskey
> I don't want any tea
> I'm going to Oriente
> To harvest the coffee.

So many farm laborers have joined cooperatives, or found permanent work on state farms, that there is a shortage of harvest hands in Cuba. Much of this year's sugar harvest was cut by volunteers (with Fidel and his ministers out in the cane fields every Sunday); the UES delegates voted to provide 100,000 volunteers to go out to the coffee-growing regions (mostly in the hilly zone of Oriente Province, some 500 miles from Havana), and bring in that crop, too. It can't be a very efficient way of doing things, and I shouldn't think enthusiasm for hard work at no wages would last forever; but nobody looking at these cheering, *cha-cha-cha-ing* young people could doubt their eagerness to do their bit for the revolution.

Carlos Rafael (most Cuban leaders are referred to by their first names: Fidel, Raúl, "Ché," etc.) is fifty, looks younger, and is an excellent speaker. He praised the work of the Congress, and reminded the delegates that their work was modeled on "the shining Soviet example." Without the help of the USSR, he said, "Cuba could never have achieved her liberation, could never have carried through her revolution." He spoke of Playa Girón, of "the insolence of the Yankee base at Caimanera [Guantanamo]," of the spy planes that daily fly over Cuban territory (this last accusation is true, as even *The Wall Street Journal* acknowledges). He praised the work of the UJC, the new boarding schools (where about one-third of the secondary students live, with books, food, clothing and lodging provided free), called for a mass movement to come to INRA's aid in harvesting coffee (and was interrupted for ten minutes by singing and snake-dancing).

AFTER quiet was restored, he went on to praise Fidel (stormy applause, Russian-style — clapping in unison at an accelerating pace), Yuri Gagarin (STORMY APPLAUSE), and "our beloved Vladimir Ilyich," (STORMY APPLAUSE BUILDING INTO TUMULTUOUS OVATION AND MORE SNAKE-DANCING). A few venomous words for the "traitorous puppet governments" in Venezuela, Peru, Puerto Rico (typically reserving the worst epithets not for right-wing dictators like Ydígoras and the Somoza brothers, but for liberals like Betancourt and Muñoz Marín), and for the "*gusanos*" (worms) who have fled to

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Miami. And, finally, a sober explanation of agriculture's importance to the Cuban economy, and the ritual close: *"Patria o Muerte! Venceremos!"* (Fatherland or Death! We will conquer!). As he turned to go, a pistol stuck in his belt fell out; everybody laughed and applauded with gusto.

THE next day, after more debates and resolutions, Fidel himself closed the Congress with a speech in the Plaza Cívica (now Plaza de la Revolución). Fidel takes a direct personal interest in young people and in education, and has made innumerable addresses to school groups; one can't imagine an American President spending several days visiting a new rural boarding school or making a major speech at a high school graduation. Fidel arrived (although late) to tremendous cheering. He had a bodyguard, but otherwise security precautions were lax; I am sure no foreigner could get as close to an American President as I was to Castro, unsearched. *El Líder Máximo* looked trim and fit, evidently having lost some weight recently. His presence, in the midst of the adoring audience, had an overwhelming effect; even as a foreigner and a trained historian, I could feel the impact. He has *charisma* — there is no other word for it, except perhaps the Spanish *don de mando* (gift for ruling).

Those who have only read Fidel's speeches and have not heard him in person or on television can hardly appreciate his effectiveness as an orator. He's long-winded, and he speaks without notes, but there is generally a structure to what he says, and often he rises to real eloquence. "I know," he told the students, "that you are able to give the revolution much more than you promise." He recalled his own days as a student, the seething intrigues and gun battles of Havana University, "when the word 'tomorrow' did not exist, when the word 'future' had no meaning."

There was one interruption, some scattered boos in a far corner of the Plaza; in the darkness, I couldn't see what was happening. The hecklers were somehow suppressed, and Fidel contemptuously dismissed them:

Ben Roth Agency

Decisions . . .

> Those people think we are at a meeting back in the days of the dirty politicians. You see, in spite of all the teachings of the revolution, there are still some idiots among us.

He went on to speak scornfully of the charge that the regime is "brainwashing" the young:

> A clean mind doesn't need to be washed. The bourgeoisie who make such charges have marched off. Those gamblers and drug addicts are now running elevators and washing dishes in Miami. They can't see the morning sun because they are facing away from it.

Castro had perfect rapport with the audience; he could switch them from enthusiasm to laughter to high seriousness as easily as Shakespeare does in his tragedies. He mentioned the coffee harvest, and they broke out into their song. After five repetitions, they asked him to sing it for them.

> No, the heavens haven't given me a voice. [They urged him again.] It is the fault of the reactionaries that I can't sing; I went to a reactionary high school [he was educated at Catholic schools by the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits] and they didn't give me music lessons.

He explained the economic difficulties of the revolution:

> We have problems today because they left us with an impoverished economy, a country without industries, deformed in its production of material goods; they left us a nation practically without technicians; they left us the chaos and the anarchy which are characteristic of the capitalist system; they left us their wastefulness. You understand that these luxurious, princely mansions, with whose cost we could have built hundreds of factories, can't be turned to producing goods; at least we have turned them into boarding schools and put them to producing technicians!

As the climax of his speech, he turned to international affairs, and to the new military regimes in Argentina and Peru:

> Cuba stands erect, the Revolutionary Government is in control. But where is the puppet Frondizi? Where is the puppet Prado? How are things going with those servile governments which obeyed the orders of the imperialists, broke relations with us, and were accomplices in the aggressions against us? Victims of the military, as if to shout to the imperialists before the world: Liars! Now their democracy has taken off its civilian clothing!

The crowd was wildly cheering every other sentence now. Fidel's speechmaking technique — with the repetitions, the hypnotic pauses between each sentence, the oratorical questions — is worth study:

> Where are the students in Venezuela? In the streets, fighting their reactionary and traitorous government! Where are the students in Guatamala? In the streets, fighting and dying against the puppet Ydígoras! . . . That is the picture. And where are the students in Cuba? (In a tremendous shout): *HERE*—in the Plaza de la Revolución!

And after his final *"Patria o Muerte"* the students closed by singing — not the *Twenty-Sixth of July* marching song any longer, but — the *Internationale.*

THIS Congress has been worth describing in some detail, because its major features — the elected delegates, the Communist control and imposed ideology, the final direct contact with Fidel himself — are typical of all sectors of Cuban political life today. The schools, the labor unions, the farm cooperatives, the militia are all organized, activated and controlled like this. The result is an unprecedented amount

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of political activity, pitched at the intensity of an American Presidential campaign, continuing for years on end and fanned into white heat on such occasions as the revolutionary holidays of January 2, May 1, July 26, and any past or future invasions of the island.

WHAT are we to make of this government-by-direct-rapport? Theodore Draper, who has studied Fidel's public pronouncements as carefully as anyone, has issued a sobering warning:

> At bottom, all these "neo" and "direct" democracies rest on a simple proposition: that the leader and his people are one and indivisible. Hence they need no representative institutions, no elections, no loyal or disloyal oppositions, no free or partially critical press, none of the rights and safeguards traditionally associated with a democracy.
>
> The horror of this thinking is that it wipes out the lessons to be learned from the most desperate and tragic experiences of our time. If there is anything that should have burned itself into our consciousness, it is the excruciating evil of the popular despot, the beloved dictator, the mass leader. [Theodore Draper, *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities*, 29-30.]

There is certainly a disturbing similarity between the attitude of the young girl from the "Carlos Marx" Secondary School pinning a medal on Fidel and the adoring *Mädchen* so often seen in propaganda shots of Adolf Hitler. There is no *institutional* guarantee against Fidel's turning into a Caribbean version of *Der Fuehrer*. All the rapidly developing new organizations of the revolution, the UES, the UJC, INRA, the central labor union (CTC-R), the Army and the Militia, are still subject to his control and shaped by his will. Fidel can, with a single televised speech, destroy a conservative President (Manuel Urrutia Lleo, July, 1959) or an overambitious Communist bureaucrat (Aníbal Escalante, March, 1962). He has had people shot for burning canefields (the same kind of sabotage he used against the dictatorship that preceded his own), and he sent Major Hubert Matos to jail for twenty years for no crime except protesting against growing Communist influence in the Army. He can organize cooperatives in 1959, change them into state farms in 1962, give out land titles today and take them back tomorrow; no one can set limits to his power, or say just what he will do with it.

But in defense of Fidel it must be said at once that he is no Hitler, no Stalin. His particular brand of Marxism is purposeful and tough-minded, but not brutal. His enemies have lost their property, but not — unless they committed atrocities before 1959, or took up arms against the revolution afterward—their lives. Middle- and upper-class Cubans, unlike European Jews or Russian *kulaks*, have been allowed to choose between joining the new regime or going into exile — a hard choice, but vastly preferable to death in a concentration camp. Judged by the number of executions (about 1,000, mostly of men convicted of murder) or by the number of *émigrés* (about 130,000), this is the mildest revolution since our own, back in 1775. Draper, who has not been to Cuba since his one trip in 1960, hardly mentions the impressive positive accomplishments of the regime. The literacy campaign, the elimination of racial barriers, the new workers' vacation resorts, the schools and hospitals I have seen on my three visits to the island remind me more of a benevolent ruler like Hadrian than of any modern dictator.

Fidelistas, moreover, explain much of the regime's undeniable harshness and totalitarianism as a reaction to American policy. It is easy to forget, now, that Fidel's first Cabinet was made up of moderates and even conservatives; that his first visit abroad was to the United States; that in 1959 he sponsored a multi-million-dollar publicity campaign to attract American tourists; that he gave 4.5 per cent, twenty-year bonds for the lands taken by the Agrarian Reform Law; that he continued to pay interest in dollars on Cuban bonds traded on the New York Stock Exchange for two years after coming to power; that he still insists he is willing to reimburse American owners of expropriated property if Cuba is allowed to earn dollars by selling sugar to the United States. Fidel came to power with a deep suspicion of American intentions, suspicion bred by a century of alternate unconcern and exploitation of the island. The good old days of big American profits from sugar, gambling, oil refining and the telephone and electricity monopolies were over the day the *barbudos* rode into Havana. Dealing with an impulsive, complicated personality like Fidel is not easy; but surely a flexible, realistic policy could have done much to save the situation.

INSTEAD, there was a series of grotesque falsifications and blunders by Eisenhower and Kennedy, Congress and the State Department, the wire services and public opinion which they had helped to misinform. Eisenhower's Cuban policy was marked by hypocritical clamor over the trials of Batista's thugs (nobody had complained about the fate of their victims), by the summoning of Batista officials to testify before a Senate committee, by cane-burning raids of light planes operating out of Florida, by repeated warnings to pay for expropriated American land at once, and in cash (were American Tories or Southern slaveholders compensated when the United States seized *their* property?), by abolition of the sugar quota, by an oil embargo, by bribing of defectors and supplying of saboteurs, by the recruiting and training of a band of Cuban exiles in Florida and Guatemala, and, finally, by the breaking of diplomatic relations and the imposition of a travel ban a few weeks before Kennedy's inauguration.

Castro replied to these pressures as anybody who knew him could have predicted — with defiance and vigorous countermeasures. He *had* to take stern measures against dissent and sabotage or go down under American pressure as Cuba's Grau San Martin in 1933 or Guatemala's Arbenz did in 1955. He turned to the Russians because they alone were willing and able to keep his revolution afloat in the face of American hostility; and he turned to the local Communists, as one of them explained it to me, "because he's sure that *we* aren't going to run off to Miami the day after tomorrow." Thus American military aid to Batista and threats against Castro helped bring about what we most

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feared, the intrusion of Soviet communism in the Caribbean.

I visited Cuba for the second time in the waning days of the Eisenhower administration, and I remember the cautious optimism that one Foreign Office subordinate expressed about Kennedy. He thought Kennedy's TV belligerence about Castro might be "just politics," and hoped the new President would be as willing to negotiate with Castro as he was with Khrushchev. On my most recent trip, that official admitted he was wrong: "What can you expect from a millionaire, a Catholic, and an American politician?" Kennedy reappointed Allen Dulles and told him to keep on training his Cuban invasion army; he continued the travel ban and the suspension of diplomatic relations; he tried to appoint a crony, the ineffable Earl E. T. Smith, as Ambassador to Switzerland (which presently handles our relations with Cuba); he launched the disastrous April landing at Playa Girón, to the accompaniment of a flood of lies about our participation in it; he successfully pressured a majority of the other Latin states (but not the largest ones) into breaking relations with Castro; he had Cuba thrown out of the OAS; he cut off Castro's last trickle of dollars by barring the import of Cuban fruit and cigars; and he is now busily trying to outmaneuver Senators Capehart, Keating, Goldwater and Tower in the perilous game of "getting tough with Castro," something which has been tried by a number of people but which hasn't worked yet.

THE unpleasant truth, which few people in office or in search of it seem to recognize or to be willing to admit publicly, is that taking over Cuba is *not* a possible policy choice. To the Pentagon brass and their civilian superiors, sitting on top of a fantastic collection of missiles, atomic-powered aircraft carriers, Polaris submarines, an assortment of atomic weapons and a powerful Army, it may seem incredible that we can't take over a little island smaller than Florida (and only ninety miles away) any time we feel we have to. But after my latest visit I am convinced that we emphatically cannot.

There are, quite certainly, opponents of Castro inside Cuba who would welcome the Marines with open arms. During the early hours of last April's invasion, I was told, the tenants of one luxury apartment building went about making V-for-Victory signs, and hopefully looking out along the Malecón for incoming LSTs. Moreover, many Cubans, without much interest in politics, are tired of speeches, tired of food and clothing shortages, tired of being told to sacrifice. They would passively accept an invasion in the hope that it would bring back *"el confort americano"* — cigarettes, canned goods and new automobiles. But the underground organization willing to fight Castro that existed last year was smashed in the raids following Playa Girón. Castro's popularity, which had been ebbing steadily since its overwhelming height in January, 1959, rallied sharply when U.S. bombers appeared over Havana, and a CIA-backed gang of Batista criminals and *niños bien* (well-to-do young men) landed on the shores of the Bahia de Cochinos. Misgivings about Fidel's policies vanished in the face of enemy attack, the way a married couple's squabbles are laid aside when a third person tries to interfere. "You know," one U.S.-trained engineer told me, "I never cared much about politics, and I certainly don't like the *ñangaras* (slang for Communists). But when Kennedy's planes came over, I found myself out in the street yelling *'Patrio o Muerte'* along with the rest." Quite a few new Cuban converts to communism were made last April by the cold warriors of the CIA.

TODAY, a year and a half after beating off the invasion, Castro is strong enough to take anything we can throw at him. Since I spent only two weeks in Cuba, I could not accurately estimate the regime's total military strength, or the percentage of popular support it enjoys. But in traveling through three provinces, I was almost literally never out of sight of an armed man or woman — or child. Every office building, every hotel, every bus station, every residential block, every factory is guarded by olive drab militiamen, who have rifles or machine guns and know how to use them. And all these hundreds of thousands of armed Cubans are loyal to the regime, many of them fanatically so.

Despite rumors to the contrary spread by the Miami exiles, the militia program is voluntary, as I satisfied myself by dozens of interviews with people in uniform and out; it would hardly make sense to arm and train enemies of the regime. I met teen-agers able to take apart and put together anti-aircraft guns; I met a sixty-five-year-old grandmother, shouldering a rifle which was originally purchased from Trujillo by Batista; and I met squads of *guajiros* down in the Zapata swamp who expressed their hatred and contempt for last year's invaders: "Tell them in Miami that they won't get ashore next time, that it won't last seventy-two hours as it did before, that if it happens again we aren't going to take any prisoners."

Backing up this nation in arms is a well-trained and well-supplied Army of 80-100,000 men, now greatly strengthened by new Soviet equipment and instruction. Fidel's annual parade last January displayed heavy tanks and rocket launchers, and I heard sonic booms from jet aircraft every day I was in Havana; Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* estimates that Castro has 50 MIGs. Even if every Cuban refugee of military age could be pressed into service, trained and put ashore on some protected beachhead, such an army could hardly make headway against Castro's larger forces and his command of the terrain. I assume no sane person suggests using atomic weapons against Cuba. To invade the island, then, would require an army of a quarter of a million men, essentially all of them Americans.

DESPITE our recent build-up we don't have that many available; current Army strength is under a million, with most of it tied down at bases scattered all over the world. Even if we could scrape up enough troops to seize the major Cuban cities, we couldn't really "take" the island. The French had 400,000 soldiers in the similar Algerian situation, plus fortified ports all over the country, plus a million fanatically loyal *colons*; yet in the end they had to give up and get out.

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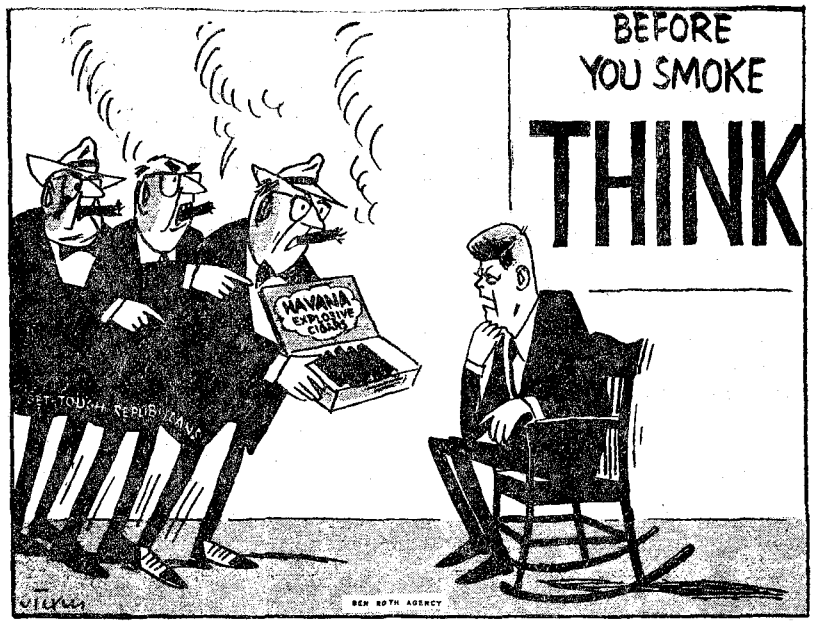
Over and above the almost impossible job of occupying Cuba itself would be the consequences of such an invasion elsewhere. There would be a wave of condemnations from neutrals like India and the African states; revulsion on the part of our French and English Allies, who remember their own Suez adventure; massive attacks on American-owned mines, department stores, oil wells and factories all over Latin America (I have spoken to Venezuelans, Peruvians, Guatemalans, et al., in Havana, making just such plans); and an unpredictable but dangerous reaction from Nikita Khrushchev to this threat to his prestige.

Morality aside, we are not militarily able to return to the iron-fisted Cuban diplomacy of Teddy Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. The Joint Chiefs and the CIA may have a different estimate of the situation, but after their performance a year ago last April, the President had better not rely too heavily on their judgment.

CASTRO'S military strength, then, makes him safe for the time being. In the long run, however, his regime will stand or fall, not on its armaments or on his oratorical powers, but on more prosaic economic issues. For the past two years, Cuba has been living (and not very well) on handouts from the USSR and other members of the Communist bloc. As Guevara has pointed out, the Soviet Union produces enough sugar of its own, and it could be cheaper for the Russians to increase production at home than to continue purchasing from Cuba's antiquated and inefficient industry. The Soviet crude oil, medicines and canned pork, the Chinese rice, the Rumanian drilling equipment and the Czech buses I saw in Havana were supplied on credit, although there's no indication at present that Castro will ever be able to pay back his benefactors — except politically. But even Khrushchev's generosity to his first Latin American ally must have a limit, and Castro's future therefore depends on whether or not he can get the Cuban economy to produce enough to supply basic needs and earn enough foreign exchange to buy what must be imported.



Impressions from United States newspaper reports to the contrary, Castro has undertaken a difficult series of economic tasks with what is, on the whole, a reasonable amount of success. A few figures show the size of the problem he faced. In 1957, Cuba imported $700 million in goods from the United States—over $100 per capita—in a nation with a per capita income of $330. In 1961, as a consequence of the quota cut and the embargo, this trade had fallen to less than $14 million.

A reduction of such massive proportions was bound to have a profoundly dislocating effect. Much of that $700 million, to be sure, consisted of consumer goods like razor blades, Coca Cola syrup and chewing gum, which Cuba could afford to do without (albeit reluctantly; I was offered as much as $4 for a pack of U.S. cigarettes in Havana). But Cuba's economy, one of the most advanced in Latin America, also depended on the United States for such essential items as trucks, buses, bulldozers, telephone and electrical equipment, industrial chemicals, medicine, raw cotton, detergents, lard, potatoes, poultry, butter, a large assortment of canned goods, and half of such staple items in the Cuban diet as rice and black beans. Inability to obtain spare parts costing a few hundred dollars or less has sometimes immobilized sugar mills which should be grinding cane day and night during the *zafra* (harvest).

A nation which had been an economic appendage of the United States was suddenly cut adrift; it was as if Florida had been isolated from the rest of the country, unable to sell oranges and cattle or to bring in tourists, gasoline, automobile parts or Cape Canaveral rockets.

ALONG with her source of food, raw materials and machinery, Cuba lost many of her skilled workers and most of her technicians. The big American companies operating in Cuba, whose names read like an abbreviated version of the New York Stock Exchange list — American & Foreign Power, Ford, General Motors, I.T.&T., Standard Oil, Texaco, United Fruit and dozens of others — had always paid their employees well and encouraged them to think of themselves as "part of the corporation family." When the expropriations came in 1960, many technicians and engineers understandably fled an uncertain future to take refuge in Florida. The Cuban Emergency Relief Center in Miami has had 136,000 refugees on its books; its director estimates that 1,300 of Cuba's 5,000 doctors, 320 of her 700 agronomists, 1,000 of her 1,800 CPAs and 200 of her 520 electrical engineers had left by the end of 1961 — and more continue to arrive in Miami every day. Added to the burden of readjustments made nec-

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essary by these factors, has been the added problem of guarding against sabotage and preparing to ward off a possible invasion, which takes inordinate amounts of manpower and equipment away from productive work.

SOVIET aid, essential as it has been to the regime's survival, could not completely take the place of American supplies: Russian spark plugs and light bulbs won't fit American fixtures, and the USSR is weeks instead of days or hours away. The Russians say they shipped $275 million worth of goods to Cuba in 1961, and promise to double that amount this year (Russia now provides 81 per cent of Cuba's imports, as compared with 65 per cent from the United States in 1959). But much of this trade is barter, and a large part of it is military hardware, so that its direct usefulness to the economy is much less than the figures might indicate. This aid, moreover, was often misused by its recipients. As Guevera admitted, with his usual frankness, "We made absurd plans . . . with absurd goals."

On a visit to a cooperative near the Australia sugar mill last month, I was shown some of the consequences of inexperience and poor planning. The members complained that their young Administrator knew nothing about farming, that he usually sent them into the field without giving specific orders. They planted formerly idle land to beans and corn, for example, but didn't cultivate or use fertilizer, and lost the entire crop. (There was also a severe drought, which cut this year's sugar crop down to 4.8 million tons, an output exceeded as far back as 1925; Cuba will be unable to make promised deliveries to the USSR and Communist China this year.) The *cooperativistas* had credit with which to buy their food rations at the "People's Store," and free medical care in the local hospital, but they didn't get any pay at all during May, June or July (the arrears were made up in August). Many of them therefore went to work temporarily for the small proprietors (who still hold more than half the cultivated land in Cuba), leaving the cooperative's work to be done, if at all, by volunteers from the cities.

The practical knowledge of the farm workers, upon which the regime had relied to replace the old *capataz* (foreman), has proved illusory; as a Bulgarian agronomist explained it to me, "these people know only how to plant cane, and cut cane, and nothing else." Some farmers have also taken to selling their produce in the black market, to people who go out into the countryside in automobiles or buses, instead of delivering to INRA as they are supposed to. As an interesting insight into the regime's class bias, the farmers involved generally go unpunished, while middle-class people caught with more than twenty-five pounds of food in their cars have been jailed for as long as six months.

THE result of these difficulties and mistakes, and others like them in the factories, has been a shortage of just about every imaginable consumer goods. As Fidel himself has said, "We are ashamed. Who is to blame? The administrators, the rulers, everyone." The food ration makes a sorry showing to Americans accustomed to the splendors of their local A & P: 6 pounds of rice, 1½ pounds of beans, and 1 cake of soap a month; 1 egg and ¾ pound of meat a week; less than a glass of milk a day (except for children under seven). Clothing and shoes are in short supply, and shabby in quality; an announcement two weeks ago by the Interior Ministry makes it sound likely that these items, too, will be rationed fairly soon. Unless the current stepped-up shipments from the Soviet Union contain a lot more food supplies and consumer goods than I think probable, the situation will get somewhat worse before it gets any better. One Dutch businessman, who had recently shipped in 10,000 tons of Egyptian onions, told me that ALIMPEX, the government purchasing house, was completely out of funds, and would be unable to ease the food crisis by imports paid for in foreign exchange for the rest of 1962, at least.

It is dangerous to delude ouselves into thinking that these problems, serious as they are, are going to bring about the collapse of the regime; Herbert Hoover made that mistake in the 1920s when he declared that the Soviet Union could never "return to production." The Cuban diet today is scanty and monotonous, but sufficient; many *guajiros* are eating better than under previous governments because they have regular work, and what food is available is shared equally (Tirso Saenz, who is Minister of Basic Industries directly under Guevara, showed me the family ration book — which he uses). We don't seem to worry too much about the millions of unemployed in this country who lack an adequate diet because they can't afford it; it is the idea of having money and yet being unable to spend it freely that disturbs us. Certainly the food situation in Cuba today is not nearly as bad as it was in the USSR in the 1930s, or as it is reported to be in China today; and it is far above the semi-starvation level that has prevailed in Bolivia, Guatemala, Haiti, Paraguay, highland Peru, rural Mexico and Northeast Brazil for decades.

With salaries frozen and consumer goods unavailable, the Cubans are trying to replace the old capitalist incentives to work with such new ones as patriotism, altruism, a sense of sacrifice and what they call "Socialist emulation." Certainly the absolute honesty and devotion to duty of the tight little group of young *barbudos* and old Communists who run the revolution are impressive. There is not, so far, the slightest sign of the kind of corruption at the top described by Milovan Djilas in *The New Class;* as Señor Saenz said to me with a grin, "the only privilege I have is the right to work harder than anybody else." He lives in a modest housing development, with a schoolteacher next door on one side and a rebel Army lieutenant on the other; he doesn't even have a telephone at home, though he desperately needs one. He does have a battered old Buick, because he needs it to get to work; but he has been working eighty to ninety hours a week without a vacation for more than two years. Barry Goldwater fans who can't believe that anybody will

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work for any incentive other than good old self-interest ought to read the first chapters of Margaret Mead's anthropological classic, *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies*, if they want to understand what the Cubans are driving at. And it must be pretty obvious that millionaires like Kennedy, Harriman, McNamara, "Soapy" Williams, Kerr, Rockefeller, Romney and Barry himself haven't gone into politics to make money. Castro is pretty successfully trying to develop motivations like theirs in all levels of Cuban society.

IF CUBA survives the current crisis, her long-range economic prospects are rather good. Ideology aside, the island's resources are so great in relation to its population that any reasonably sensible productive system will make the Cubans far more prosperous than they have ever been under American tutelage. Cuba's soil is fertile and plentiful; and, as the Cubans say, *"Esta tierra nunca duerme"* ("This land never sleeps"), i.e., there is no frost and you can produce two and in places three crops a year if there is irrigation in the dry season. Cuba presently produces commercial quantities of manganese, chrome, nickel and copper, and has enormous unexploited reserves of iron ore; a recent Soviet geological survey indicates that there may be oil, and half a dozen wells are being drilled.

In two interviews totaling six hours, Señor Saenz frankly explained the difficulties his key Ministry faces, and how he hoped to overcome them. A level-headed engineer, and no enthusiast (he is a graduate of Rensselaer Polytech, formerly employed by Procter & Gamble), he candidly admitted the errors I inquired about, and told me of others about which I had not known. His main point was that the regime had managed to keep the essential elements of the economy working against all handicaps, and at the sacrifice of many comforts and conveniences. The electric plants have never been blacked out (except briefly, by sabotage); gasoline has been regularly available, at the old price of 32-34 cents a gallon, without rationing. The shortage of technicians was being made good by Latin American leftists anxious to help Cuba against the Yankee menace, by Soviet and other East European engineers (the "Russian soldiers" about whom Senator Keating is so suddenly alarmed), and by overworking the available Cubans. A new accelerated engineering course at Havana University, and the widespread *minimo technico* training plan to turn experienced workers into semi-skilled engineers, will eventually close the gap altogether.

The plants promised Cuba by the Soviet bloc for delivery in the latter half of the 1960s are not worth thinking about seriously at this time; even so uncritical a eulogist of the Castro regime as Professor J. P. Morray admits that "the dates specified in these contracts cannot be given much weight." But there are some additions to productive plant now in operation, or scheduled to get under way in the very near future. A French-built powerhouse at Matanzas is to begin producing 100,000 kw. this fall; a gas-generating plant in Marianao is to go on stream in the spring of 1963. An assembly plant for automotive batteries and a factory turning out hoes, rakes, machetes and other agricultural implements are now in operation turning out these small but important items formerly imported from the United States. The sugar-mill engineering shops, which are idle most of the year except for the frantic months of the *zafra*, are now manufacturing 1,000 cane-cutters (to be pulled by Russian tractors), which will bring in 20 per cent of next year's sugar harvest and help solve the labor shortage in the countryside. I have myself spent three days at sea with a fleet of small fishing boats built in a new yard in Matanzas (with imported engines) and sailing out of the impressive new fishing school located on the site of the invasion at Playa Girón. (Using snorkels and spear-guns, and spurred on by "Socialist emulation" between one boat and another, the boys brought in a splendid catch; they all but finished off a visiting American professor who was trying to keep up.)

Within two or three years Cuba should begin to move ahead decisively, leaving behind the beneficiaries of the Alliance for Progress and the stagnant economies of Argentina, Peru and most of Central America, still in the grip of the old oligarchy of landowners, the Church, foreign businessmen and the Army.

UNLESS we stupidly decide, then, to wrap the Caribbean (and perhaps the world) in fire, the United States is going to have a Communist dictatorship and an ally of the USSR at our doorstep for a long time to come. What course should we adopt toward such a worrisome neighbor? Mr. Kennedy, at least, tells us that despite the Russian build-up this July and August, Castro has no "significant offensive capability" and that "it would be a mistake to invade Cuba." We ought to keep this sober estimate of the situation in mind, even during the excitement of an election year. Perhaps some Senators can learn to control their truculence, even if a display of it does look good to the folks back home. Perhaps J. Edgar Hoover and Bobby Kennedy, who have just succeeded in convicting reporter William Worthy for "willfully and knowingly entering the United States [from Cuba] without a valid passport" will somehow be able to prevent future raids on Havana like that carried out a few weeks ago by exiles operating out of Miami. (One wonders what American reaction would be if Robert F. Williams, whom I interviewed in Havana, led a group of Free Dixie followers in a raid on the coast of his native North Carolina, and Castro decided, in our Attorney General's words, that his was not "a group organized as a military expedition.")

In every article I have written since my first visit to Cuba two years ago, I have closed by suggesting "a policy of restraint and patience, of keeping the lines of diplomatic and commercial communication open." Although I don't claim to be a military expert, I did predict in February, 1961, that the forthcoming invaders were "heading for slaughter, no matter how much help they [might] have from our Central Intelligence Agency." Nobody seemed to be listening; I am beginning to feel like Jeremiah or

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Cassandra. Our dealings with Cuba over the past decade display the stodginess and sterility of our foreign and domestic policies about which Senator Kennedy complained so eloquently in 1960, but about which President Kennedy has so far been able to do very little. The faces (except for the ever-present head of the FBI) change; Eisenhower, the Dulles brothers and Sherman Adams are replaced by the Kennedys, McCone and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.; but our Cuban policy remains the same. No wonder Castro inveighs against the "farce" of representative democracy, which doesn't really seem to give the voters much of a choice after all.

The clogging of our governmental mechanism, our inability to act intelligently in the face of Castro's challenge, must be blamed, no doubt, on structural defects in our society: the dependence of the mass media on business for advertising revenues, the system of rural overrepresentation, seniority and Southern one-party rule that insures conservative domination of Congress, the influence of the military and the giant corporations on foreign and domestic policy. Having had a chance, in Cuba, to talk to and argue with real Communists (and not Robert Welch's synthetic ones), I believe we are harmed by the lack of a real Left opposition in this country. In the absence of genuine radicalism, Kennedy's modest reform proposals can be impugned as "Socialistic" or "Communistic," and he himself can be led to believe his exchanges with David Rockefeller constitute a Great Debate, when they really resemble a session in an echo chamber.

IT IS in this unreal atmosphere that pressures to "do something about Cuba" build up, that the present absurd talk about "wiping out Castro" is uttered by men in responsible positions, that the President asks for power to call up the Reserves. In their Latin American policies, as elsewhere, both the Democrats and Republicans seem to me to be defending, not the national interest, but the property and profits of a handful of corporations — as the threat to refuse further aid to Brazil if it decides to nationalize any more industries makes painfully clear. Freedom is confused with free enterprise, and the lofty goals of the Alliance for Progress are to be sacrificed if any corporate balance sheet is in danger.

After my most recent visit, I am still worried about Cuba's future, about her economic problems, about the lengths to which Communist persuasion and American pressure will further deform the original humanitarian aims of the revolution. But I am also worried about the United States; what will happen if we repeat our Cuban blunders in the face of the social revolutions that are clearly coming in Chile, Argentina and Brazil?

HUGHES for the SENATE . . *by Allen Klein*

Boston

ON JULY 31, H. Stuart Hughes, a professor of history at Harvard University, became the first all-out peace candidate to become eligible to run for the United States Senate. He did so by delivering to the Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts designating petition forms bearing the validated signatures of 118,437 Bay State citizens* —well over the 72,514 legally required. A grandson of almost-President Charles Evans Hughes, Hughes is seeking public office for the first time in the belief that this campaign affords him an opportunity to project to the electorate the urgent need for finding solutions to "the suicidal hazards of nuclear testing and thermonuclear war." The opportunity is enhanced, he believes, by the fact that the Massachusetts political scene will be a point of major national interest this year.

A registered Democrat in the tradition of Roosevelt's New Deal, Hughes shied away from the Democratic primary chiefly because his chances of winning were nil. He decided to run as an independent even though the "law is written to make it hard for an independent. Not since it was passed around 1950 has there been an independent candidate for a state-wide office." With the help of what he terms a "fabulous organization put together from nothing," the tall, soft-spoken, scholarly looking man of forty-six—so youthful in appearance he almost seems to be a graduate student — achieved a triumph in gaining the ballot that has won him the respect of old political pros, who were convinced that it couldn't be done.

Although he finds it "not only necessary but congenial to my candidacy to talk on Massachusetts problems and national issues such as civil rights, medical care to the aged and federal aid to housing and education," Hughes is unquestionably a peace candidate — and his campaign will be watched by the American peace movement and politicians of both major parties with particular interest.

A sponsor of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and a founding member of the Council of Correspondence, Prof. Hughes is an active member of several peace organizations (as well as of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Urban League, the American Veterans Committee and the NAACP).

Hughes does not (as so many people believe) advocate unilateral disarmament by the United States; he does urge unilateral *steps* by the United States which might bring

*In addition to the validated signatures, more than 21,000 additional ones were challenged and disqualified or stranded in town clerks' offices. Thus, he ran up a remarkable total of close to 140,000 names.

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"reciprocal responses from the Soviet Union." Examples of such initiatives, which he deems fully consistent with American security, include: A commitment that we will not, under any circumstances, be the first to use nuclear or biologic weapons; renunciation of first-strike weapons and maintenance only of retaliatory capability; gradual abandonment of our overseas nuclear bomber and missile bases which are "an unnecessary provocation to the USSR"; renunciation of further above-ground nuclear-weapons tests; a pledge to refrain from transferring nuclear weapons to nations not now possessing them. And many more.

For the rest, Hughes favors the admission of Red China to the U.N., wants the United States to declare her readiness to help create an effective international peace-keeping machinery under the U.N., and to make surplus food stocks available to hungry people of all nations.

At the heart of Hughes's campaign lies the question of whether the human race is to continue or die: "The nuclear race can neither protect nor preserve our nation, but will, if unchecked, ultimately destroy us. We must find an approach which can lead us to the peace and real security we want. Each day that passes makes it more difficult to end the arms race. We must end it now." His current (sixth) book, *An Approach to Peace,* states his views on the issues which led him to declare his candidacy.

HUGHES feels that his candidacy has given the Massachusetts peace movement a real "shot in the arm." Marshall R. Kaplan, executive director of PAX (Political Action For Peace), concurs. PAX is a New England organization primarily devoted to running peace-minded candidates; it asked Prof. Hughes originally to run, set up his organization and supplied him with issues and material. According to Mr. Kaplan, "The Hughes candidacy has put more people at work for peace in this state than at any time since World War II. Currently there are over 1,500 people working on the Hughes campaign. Not all of these are members of PAX; we have not tried to bring them into the organization. Our primary concern is the candidacy and stimulation of the peace work. Once the campaign is over, however, we intend to see to it that as many workers as possible continue their efforts for the peace movement with PAX, Turn Toward Peace or similar groups."

THE great majority of the Hughes workers are naturally derived from the peace groups, predominantly from PAX. But a surprising number have never before been affiliated with any peace organization. Housewives and students are well represented. As Marshall Kaplan puts it, "The fact that there are so many new people with us makes us very happy about the peace-politics movement."

A good number of the volunteers, says Hughes, phoned or wrote in to offer their services as soon as they learned of his candidacy. Others were found by systematic combing of the membership lists of peace organizations. The most dynamic workers of all—the more than twenty students who have been working nearly full time this summer on canvassing for signatures, were systematically recruited, Hughes says, "from among the most promising leaders of student groups, CORE, etc. Some came from out of the state. To those who needed it, we provided living expenses for the summer. Just to show what these students can do, a busload of them collected 6,000 signatures in Springfield in one weekend alone." Hughes also speaks highly of the Voice of Women volunteers and women workers in general.

H. Stuart Hughes

HOW HAS the Hughes campaign affected the electorate? Hughes reports "an enthusiastic response from a large percentage of the Harvard students and faculty." (President Nathan M. Pusey "has adopted an attitude of benevolent neutrality.") In general, the citizenry has responded with a surprising degree of warmth, as evidenced by the large number of signatures obtained. More than half of the people who were asked to sign petitions, did so. ("I'm not at all for the things the professor stands for, but I think he has the right to run if he wants to.")

At the hundreds of meetings at which Hughes addressed small groups in private homes and large audiences in halls and auditoriums, he was received, on the whole, with surprising cordiality. Heckling by individuals has been frequent, but not formidable. "The only organized picketing or heckling I experienced," says Hughes, "was at a big meeting of some 1,500 people I addressed on the Boston Common on April 21. The knot of hecklers was so obviously extremist and disciplined that it produced no unfavorable reactions towards me." Up to the last week of July, he had received virtually no crank mail or abusive telephone calls.

The broad nature of his support was summed up by the observations of a Boston reporter, who wrote that "[Hughes's] green and black stickers are seen on the backs of motor scooters and on Cadillacs," and by campaign contributions ranging from dollar bills to checks of $1,000. The money arrives from practically every state, but mainly from Massachusetts, with New York second and California third. Hughes notes: "Contributions come from a wide variety of individuals, a great number of whom have had no previous experience with peace movements or associations." Nearly $34,000 was received by the end of July and it has all been spent on headquarters,

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literature, transportation, several brief radio spots, a five-minute television speech, bumper stickers, etc. Said Hughes, "Now we will have to go out vigorously for more money."

But most indicative of the value of the Hughes campaign to the peace movement and the solid impact it has made, at least in the Bay State, is the fact that Hughes's supporters are expecting him to receive something close to 100,000 votes on Election Day. (This is a far cry from the 8,000 state-wide votes for Hughes predicted by an aide of Edward J. McCormack, Jr. last April.) It is the conviction of Hughes that "Any vote over 5,000 for me would be an advance on the constituency that the peace movement has been able to reach in Massachusetts to date." Thus his campaign promises to increase the "potential peace constituency"—Hughes's term—twenty-fold. In point of fact, the candidate is convinced that campaigns such as his are "far more effective in bringing the peace issue before the public" than the usual letters to the President and Congressmen, peace marches, petitions, picketing, etc. He thinks "it strikes the average citizen as more concrete and responsible."

TO THE question of whether the press, TV and radio have treated him fairly, Hughes replies, "Yes, surprisingly so. Newspaper coverage in such major cities as Worcester, Springfield, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Quincy, Fall River and Holyoke has seldom been front-paged or generous, but it has been adequate. Of the two major Boston papers, however, the *Globe* has given me much better coverage than the *Herald*. There are two local papers which have been enormously friendly—the *Winchester Star* and the *Berkshire Eagle*." He has had a substantial number of newspaper and radio interviews and made several television appearances, three times with his Republican and Democratic rivals.

An important objective in the Hughes campaign — as in that of other peace candidates—is to influence opposition views on the no-war issue. In this, Hughes has succeeded to some extent with Eddie McCormack (who, with George Lodge, "are most cordial in their personal exchanges with me"). McCormack, Hughes says, "is edging over more and more towards my position. This became apparent at a very successful, two-hour TV panel over Channel 2 last June, in which all five candidates participated. The most dramatic thing Eddie McCormack did was to agree with me that we should end, rather than win, the cold war. But Teddy Kennedy and George Lodge have not moved at all."

It is Hughes's feeling that the size of his November vote "will hold the balance of power between the Republican and the Democratic candidates and will clearly deny one of them the election he might otherwise have had." If this is so (and it may be, since 100,000 votes represent 5 per cent or more of the expected total Senatorial vote), it is most likely the Democrat who will be hurt. This does not bother Democrat Hughes, who finds little difference between the major party nominees in that both are fairly liberal and international in outlook. However, should the Hughes vote upset the Democratic candidate, the vista thus opened to the peace movement and the peace candidate is obvious. For, with the leverage of a substantial bloc of votes—the only language politicians understand — movement and candidate would now merit serious consideration, and perhaps even a voice in selecting future candidates by both major parties.

Meanwhile, having given new heart to the peace groups of Massachusetts—and maybe, in a small way, to peace workers throughout the nation — Hughes is off and running. After a breathing spell in August, his election campaign moved into high gear. He has no expectation of becoming the junior Senator from Massachusetts. But he is happy in the knowledge that not in many years has the issue of peace and war been beamed to so many citizens of the Bay State for so sustained a period of time.

At any rate, he will continue teaching Harvard students twentieth-century European history, a General Education course in contemporary ideological novels, and other courses. After the election, he will have more time to devote to his wife, Susan, his daughter, Sandy, ten, and his son Kenny, eight. But come 1964, it is fairly certain that the professor will return to the fray as a Senatorial candidate and "put peace on the ballot" once again.

Air-Line Stewardess: Glamour Isn't Enough.. *Ruth Weyand*

AS A PASSENGER on an airplane, you take it for granted that the job of the stewardess is to distribute food, magazines and charm in equal abundance. But her greatest responsibility is to attend, not to your comfort, but to your *safety* — to help get you to where you are going without mishap and, in case of accident, to help you to survive.

Yet 95 per cent of the training given to stewardesses by the air lines is in grooming and etiquette. The results speak for themselves.

During 1961, two airplane crashes resulted in ninety-four fatalities which could have been avoided had there been an adequate number of properly trained and experienced stewardesses aboard the planes involved. The autopsies on the seventy-seven persons who died in the Imperial Airlines plane during an attempted landing at Byrd Field, Richmond, Virginia, on November 8, 1961, and on sixteen of the seven-

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teen persons who died in the United Air Lines DC-8 which went out of control during a landing on Stapleton Field, Denver, on July 11, 1961, showed no fractured bones. The coroner reported all deaths as due to carbon monoxide poisoning.

In the Imperial accident, most of the bodies were found clustered around the main cabin door. Four tool boxes were found just inside the door; tools from opened boxes were on the floor nearby. Large cans scattered about suggested efforts to carry liquid to fight flames. Neither the cabin door nor any of the emergency exits had been opened. The character of the passenger list — seventy-four male Army recruits — rated a high potential survival ability, yet not one escaped. The captain and flight engineer climbed out through cockpit crew exits.

One stewardess was listed as a crew member. Her body was found in the group clustered around the door. During the CAB investigation of the crash, the vague references to her training and experience leave the impression that this was probably her first flight. There was not even a showing that she was a paid employee.

IN THE United accident, all seventeen fatalities occurred among seventy-six passengers in the tourist section. Dagmar Wilson, M.D., who was on her first jet flight, testified at the CAB investigation that she saw aircraft personnel open one exit immediately upon landing, but thereafter saw no aircraft personnel and received no instructions. She and her eighty-six-year-old mother escaped by jumping five or six feet to the ground; the mother fractured both ankles and died two weeks later from carbon monoxide poisoning.

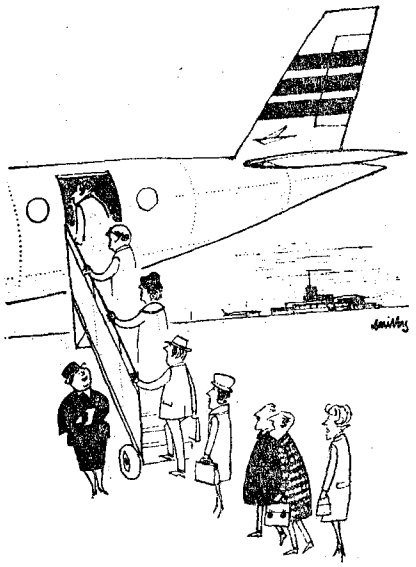
There were four stewardesses aboard the United aircraft. Two were probationary employees, with less than three months' service; the third had fourteen months' service and the fourth about thirty months'. None had any experience in handling the inflatable chute (called an "evacuation slide") that provides an emergency means of escape from today's large, high-standing aircraft. (Jumping from these planes could be dangerous.) One stewardess put down the slide, got off the plane and never returned. The stewardess of two months' service helped a few passengers to escape and then got out herself, leaving the rest of the passengers in the tourist section uninformed of the emergency. In the first-class section, a stewardess did arrange to remove a paralytic and, in the darkness, checked the seats by feel to make sure that all passengers were out.

Fatalities from monoxide poisoning under conditions where orderly procedures could have saved lives are not new. In May, 1947, forty persons were killed this way as they waited for someone to open the door of a United Air Lines plane that had caught fire at La Guardia Field, New York. Firemen finally chopped an opening from the outside. The craft's captain, who climbed out of the cockpit window and walked away, testified at the subsequent CAB hearing that he had not returned because "I figured that I couldn't help in any way." Two stewardesses were aboard, one of whom died of gas poisoning en route to the hospital. Only four persons, in all, survived, and none of the four was asked to tell what had happened in the cabin before the firemen had chopped a hole through the side of the fuselage. Apparently the stewardesses had assumed they were to await orders from the cockpit — and the orders never came.

CAB hearings have always been directed mainly at finding out why planes crash, and concern themselves only incidentally, if at all, with efforts to save passengers who survive the initial impact.

WHAT the presence of an experienced stewardess can mean, in case of accident, is dramatically illustrated by comparing two Northwest Airlines crashes which occurred under similar circumstances.

The Northwest craft which ditched in water of 34° temperature less than a mile from shore near Sandspit, British Columbia, on January 19, 1952, had an entirely male passenger complement: personnel under contract with the Army. The plane, on a flight from Tokyo, was fully equipped for an off-shore emergency, with two twenty-man life



Punch: Ben Roth

"I suppose she's what you have to expect on economy flights."

rafts, one fifteen-man raft and sufficient life vests for all aboard. After the ditching, everyone was able to get out of the plane, part of which remained above water. Yet thirty-six lives were lost. No one aboard knew how to use the life vests: the attached directions applied to another type of vest altogether. One life raft was wrongly inflated before removal from the plane; once inflated, it could not pass through any exit. In the end, not a single life raft was placed in the water. The presence of a trained stewardess with professional status might have saved these thirty-six lives. At the outset of the trip, she would have discovered that the wrong directions had been attached to the vests. After the ditching, she would have been able to direct the handling of the rafts.

The other Northwest crash occurred in Puget Sound, four miles off shore, on April 2, 1956. It carried a nun, a group of non-English-speaking Korean women and children, and a diabetic (compare the survival potential of this group with the all-male, all-military list involved in the 1952 ditching!). The plane, en route from Seattle to New York, was not required by law to have, and did not have, any equipment for off-shore emergencies. The plane sank completely in a quarter-hour, perhaps less. Yet thirty-three of the thirty-eight persons aboard survived. Stewardess Dorothy Oetting, using her own common sense and initiative,

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instructed the passengers to use the foam-rubber seat cushions as floats. Adults tore out cushions for the youngsters. The two stewardesses aboard directed the passengers out of the plane and saw to it that they floated far enough away from the sinking craft not to be drawn under by the suction.

Both of these stewardesses were experienced hands with approximately five years' service.

It should be noted that since the La Guardia Field disaster of 1947, when forty passengers lost their lives while the stewardesses waited vainly for orders from the cockpit which never came, air lines have been empowering stewardesses to exercise command authority whenever the situation calls for action which cannot await orders from the captain.

IMPROVED methods of air travel have increased, rather than diminished, the emergency responsibility of the stewardess. The matter of evacuating passengers in case of a crash or forced landing has already been touched on. The inflatable "evacuation slides" — standard equipment on modern commercial jets—call for extensive training for proper handling. At Idlewild Airport, in 1959, a jet came in for a landing without two of its left landing-gear wheels. Mishandling (not by the stewardesses, this time, but by a pilot aboard and by firemen on the ground) resulted in the chutes inflating into the doors, effectively blocking them. Eventually, firemen had to put up ladders to get the passengers out.

The altitude at which most commercial planes fly today creates another set of problems. In pressurized cabins, special types of doors have had to be developed which are extremely difficult to open (representatives of the FAA are actually considering the rigging of doors so that they can be opened in an emergency by triggering a small explosive charge, much as astronauts open their space capsules). Some types of doors — they vary in different models of planes — are as difficult to open as a safe. Before being checked out on any new type of plane, the stewardess is instructed on door operation and in the handling of emergency exits and other emergency equipment. To the conscientious stewardess, the procedures for door-opening become second nature. When an American Airlines plane went into the East River near La Guardia Field on February 3, 1959, Joan Zeller, the only stewardess to survive the crash, suffered multiple fractures and serious internal injuries. Water was rising rapidly in the plane. In a semi-conscious state, Miss Zeller was yet able to mumble instructions for opening the doors. Survivors testified that her action saved their lives. She herself finally lapsed into unconsciousness and was found floating face down in the water.

Emergency exits are also often tricky to open. When a National Airlines plane slid off the runway at Philadelphia Airport on January 14, 1951, the stewardess, Mary Frances Housely, got the main cabin door open. But the door was twelve to fifteen feet up in the air and directly below was a ditch through which flaming gasoline was flowing. She attempted unsuccessfully, first by herself and then with the aid of passengers, to open one of the emergency exits which was closer to the ground and for the time free from flames. Five passengers and Miss Housely perished; the stewardess was found with a baby in her arms. Survivors had high praise for the calmness with which this inexperienced stewardess — she had been on the job for only five months — had behaved until the flames caught up with her.

THE experienced stewardess is ingenious in dealing with people in emergencies. Illustrative was the technique used by Margaret Shilibod, a stewardess on TWA since 1950, to handle a beserk passenger on an "over-the-Pole flight" from London to Los Angeles, when an engine caught on fire and an emergency landing was made near Cutbank, Montana, on August 25, 1958. As soon as the flames appeared, the passenger began pulling his hair and beating his head against the seat. Miss Shilibod informed him he was one of the able-bodied men she had selected to help her and asked him to pull the curtains closed on all the windows. He accepted the assignment and quieted for the moment. But when the plane landed, he threw himself flat down in the aisle, screaming. Miss Shilibod reminded him that he was her assistant, and asked him to go down the rope, help get the chute out of the door and hold down one of the bottom corners so that others could slide down. This bit of advice got him off the floor and out of the plane, but he ran off as soon as he reached ground. Nevertheless, Miss Shilibod had the plane cleared in ninety seconds.

SINCE the days of pressurized cabins, one of the most important of the stewardess' duties in mid-air is to be certain that all passengers receive supplemental oxygen when necessary. The cruising altitude for jets in domestic operations is 35,000 feet; in international, 39,000 feet. At these altitudes, consciousness is lost in less than sixty seconds if oxygen is not provided. Civil Air Regulations include rigorous rules concerning the wearing of oxygen masks by pilots flying at these altitudes. Some major air lines require that each pilot must, as a prerequisite to flying planes at altitudes requiring pressurization, go through a session in a decompression chamber so that he will learn the sensations which accompany a gradual oxygen deficiency.

By law the passenger compartments of all commercial jet airliners are required to have oxygen masks in compartments above each seat. The masks are set to fall down automatically in front of passengers when pressure within the cabin is lost. The passenger triggers the oxygen flow by reaching up and pulling the mask down to his nose. In the event the masks fail to come down, the stewardess is under instructions to equip herself with a walk-around oxygen bottle and mask and to pry each mask down separately. In addition, in normal flight at high altitudes she must continually check each passenger to make certain that he is getting sufficient oxygen. This is not so easy as one might think: the symptoms of oxygen deficiency come on one insidiously, and often a passenger will "black out" before he gives voice to

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any complaint. Were stewardesses, like pilots, given a session in a decompression chamber as part of their training, they would be in a better position to sense a growing oxygen deficiency and thus safeguard their passengers more efficiently. Unfortunately, they get no such training.

Since the scare over mid-air collisions and near-collisions of several years ago, cockpit-crew members rarely leave the cockpit during flight. The burden of detecting hazards visible from the cabin, but not from the cockpit, has been placed on the stewardess. She must count and report to the captain the number sitting fore and aft of the balance line of the jet plane; guard against the passengers' throwing the plane off balance by congregating at one spot; guard against fires, spot potential suicides; prevent children and neurotics from tampering with doors and emergency exits; notice and report improperly closed doors. The opening of an emergency exit or a door on a jet at 35,000 feet altitude would suck from the plane anyone not belted in — and perhaps some who were belted in. Recently, a stewardess discovered, during the ascent of a Western Airlines Boeing 720 with a load of passengers, that the door was not properly closed. She notified the captain, who descended immediately.

The foregoing suggests the wide range of emergencies for which today's stewardess must be prepared. She is warned that, in case of a crash, no help can be expected from the cockpit crew; any serious crash is expected to kill or disable those furthest to the front in the plane. Emergencies in flight may so confine the pilots and flight engineers to cockpit duties as to preclude their furnishing directions or assistance.

THE NATURE of the problems involved leaves no doubt that the ability to detect hazards and handle emergencies increases markedly with experience. While most air lines make some attempt to pass on to their stewardesses, via a few lectures and detailed loose-leaf manuals, the latest procedures for safety, there is obviously no adequate substitute for actual experience in emergencies. Yet the average length of employment by the 12,000 stewardesses in the United States is about fifteen months (and this includes a six months' probation period). The annual turnover rate among stewardesses, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor, runs to 40 per cent. Exhibits prepared by TWA at the request of the stewardess' union during a wage-hour arbitration in 1960 showed that of its 1,230 hostesses, 212 had seniority of from five years to twenty-five years. (These figures are probably higher than those for the industry as a whole, since TWA alone of the major domestic carriers permits stewardesses to continue working after marriage. Pan American, entirely international in its carriage, likewise has married stewardesses.) True, all of the larger air lines do have a small, stable group of experienced career stewardesses. But the picture as a whole is that the air traveler within the continental United States will draw a stewardess with more than one year's experience only one trip out of six.

ACTUALLY, the picture is worse than this. There is such a shortage of trained stewardesses that air lines on occasion use a completely untrained person. Civil Air Regulations require that all crew members be instructed as to emergency procedures, but the requirements are vague. Aside from a general reference to training, the only Civil Air Regulation now in effect pertaining to stewardesses on domestic flights is that there shall be one flight attendant on each scheduled commercial plane with a capacity of ten or more passengers. Even if the plane carries 134 passengers, as some of the large jets do, only one stewardess is required by law.

There is no shortage of applicants for jobs as stewardesses. The extensive advertising campaign conducted not only in this country but throughout Canada, the British Isles and Northern Europe, has surrounded the job with so much glamour that major air lines report thirty applicants for each opening. Many of the applicants leave higher paying jobs to don a stewardess uniform: more than half of the hostesses on the payroll of TWA on January 1, 1960, had done just that. For the then $280 (now $317.52) per month starting salary with TWA, a clerk-model had left a $6,000-a-year job; teachers had left positions earning $5,880 and $5,280 yearly; a nurse had been earning $5,267 annually; a bank teller had yielded a $5,100-a-year post. Of hostesses hired by TWA in 1958 and 1959, 10 per cent had left jobs paying $374 a month, 25 per cent had left jobs paying $335 a month, 33 per cent had left jobs paying $321 a month.

WHAT THE air lines expect and get for their money is amazing. Bilingualism is requisite for most, if not all, overseas flying. Swimming ability is required by at least one line for overwater service. The public knows the beauty and charm the air lines get. The public likewise accepts stewardesses as superior in intelligence—and most of them clearly are, as is evident from their prior college or employment records.

But for the stewardess, the glamour wears off rapidly. She soon finds that she is employed in the lowest-paid of the thirty-odd crafts or classes of employees on the average air line. United Air Lines reported to CAB that for the quarter ending September 30, 1961, its 2,372 stewardesses were paid at the average rate of $3,690 per year. The stewardess finds that her average annual pay is less than half of that of the passenger conductor on the railroads (who is being displaced at almost the same rate as hostess jobs are being created). And she finds that for this low pay she has to work long hours and perform arduous, and often unpleasant, tasks. She must, for instance, clean the "blue

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room" after each use (except in the new jets, no flushing device is provided for toilets). On all short stops, she must clean the cabin — and sometimes on longer stops when local cleaning personnel is not provided. If liquor is sold on the flight, she must account for all sales. If there are invalids or children aboard, she must remain with them, on landing, until they are called for.

Neither federal statute nor regulation lays down for her a minimum wage or an hours-of-work maximum; the entire industry is exempt from the Wages and Hours Law. The CAB limitation of eighty-five hours' flying time per month for cockpit crew does not apply to stewardesses. True, the stewardesses have obtained a monthly eighty-five hours' maximum flying time through collective bargaining, but they often must fly excess hours if they want to keep their jobs. Moreover, the entirely uncompensated hours most stewardesses sit home awaiting a phone call to report for a flight are staggering. This is called "standing reserve." On some lines, each stewardess stands reserve for one month a year; on others, only the junior stewardess stands reserve until she has sufficient seniority to hold a "bid schedule." Even with a "bid schedule," the new stewardess gets the "puddle-hopping" jobs, where she may put in two hours of waiting around airports for every one hour of flying time. She is paid by the month.

IN THE interests of both the safety of its members and of the air-traveling public, the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association has a program calling for federal licensing of stewardesses and mandatory carrying on all flights — domestic and international, scheduled and unscheduled — of one licensed flight attendant for each thirty passengers. (France and Mexico require all flight attendants to be licensed; the United Kingdom requires one licensed flight attendant on each passenger flight.) Stewardesses suggest that licensing be based on physical fitness and ability to handle emergencies. They suggest that licenses be granted only after vigorous testing by federal inspectors, as is now the practice for licenses for pilots, engineers, navigators, mechanics, radio operators and dispatchers.

So far, the air industry has opposed any federal regulations in this field. In 1957, the CAB proposed a regulation extending to international operations the present requirement applicable only to scheduled domestic operations: one flight attendant on each plane of ten passengers or more capacity. The Civil Aeronautics Administration thought this provision inadequate, stating:

> In view of the seating capacity of our carrier aircraft and the fact that normal surveillance must be maintained to prevent dangerous acts on the part of the passengers, to take action in event of unconsciousness or death, handle emergency crash landings and ditchings, or high altitude emergencies such as sudden cabin pressure loss, it is recommended that the number of flight attendants be increased so that the total air crew will be able to handle such situations.

The Air Transport Association of America, representing the industry, opposed the requirement of even one flight attendant. It stated its position in the hearings on the proposed regulation as follows:

> . . . Historically the use of flight attendants aboard an aircraft has been prompted by service to passengers, thus, their justification has been economic and not for reasons of safety. Furthermore, the presence and number of flight attendants has no direct relationship to the airplane capacity or number of passengers aboard. This is an example where CAB would be saying in effect, "Since this has become fairly common practice among air lines, it must now be made a requirement."

This CAB proceeding finally resulted in the issuance, on February 23, 1962, of a regulation effective March 1, 1963, requiring as to scheduled operations outside the United States one flight attendant for planes of over ten or more passenger capacity, two flight attendants for a passenger capacity of forty-five or more, and three flight attendants for a capacity of 100 or more. No changes were made in the requirement of only one flight attendant, regardless of plane capacity, in scheduled domestic operations and none in non-scheduled operations. Nor was any standard adopted for the flight attendants.

However, on March 1, 1962, the CAB invited comment on a proposed revision of Air Regulations which would prescribe detailed training of flight attendants in emergency techniques. The proposals do not change the present requirement of only one flight attendant per plane in domestic operations nor do they provide any means for assuring that the prescribed training is given flight attendants or that only trained flight attendants are used.

Congress for the past five years has had before it proposed amendments to the Federal Aviation and Civil Aeronautics acts which would require the licensing and certification of flight attendants by the CAB. Hearings on these bills were held before a House subcommittee on May 1, 1962. On June 29, 1962, the subcommittee reported favorably to the full House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce H.R. 8160, which would include flight attendants within the definition of "airman" in the Federal Aviation Act and thereby require their certification by the CAB. Such a requirement is absolutely essential to assure air travelers of adequate assistance in the event of emergencies.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

and bravado and hope a mere thirty years ago." Do not be too sure. The hundreds of thousands of dedicated unionists built that labor movement thirty years ago, as they built other labor movements during other Golden Years of Labor — 1886, 1901, 1919. The leaders who arose in consequence were secondary and incidental to the basic strength of those years. So we keep the "aging labor 'statesman'" in perspective, and occasionally repudiate a moribund one. The tide has ebbed — and is now turning again. As long as working people must sell their labor, whether it be in the mills and mines of the nineteenth century, or the automated offices and factories of the twentieth, so long will they need unionism — and turn to it. Only when you have buried the last wage earner can you bury unionism.

Tacoma, Wash. OTTILIE MARKHOLT

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Critic vs. the Scholar

Vivian Mercier

THROUGHOUT the history of literature, critics and scholars have been pretty roughly handled by the poets; even the poet-turned-critic risks being branded a traitor. Alexander Pope's best-known line, "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread," was aimed at critics; William Butler Yeats wondered what the scholars—"Old, learned, respectable bald heads" — would say if they happened to meet the libertine poet Catullus whose works they had annotated. In return, critics and scholars have tended to join forces against their common "enemy," the creative writer, while grudgingly conceding that if he didn't exist they would have nothing to write about.

For these reasons, "Critic vs. Scholar" might seem as improbable and newsworthy a headline as "Man Bites Dog." Yet for a number of years past the critic and the scholar have been at loggerheads, at any rate in the fields of English and American literature. There is good reason to believe that this academic cold war is drawing to a close, but, like all civil wars, it has left deep scars on its participants, embittering almost every English Department in the United States, not to mention the Commonwealth and the British Isles. F. R. Leavis might not have spoken so harshly about C. P. Snow recently if his temper had not been soured by a lifetime of battle.

The cause of the Scholar-Critic War was simple enough, and the whole conflict seems unavoidable in retrospect. It all began soon after World War I, when contemporary literature became a subject of study in the universities, at both the undergraduate and graduate levels. Prior to that era, no English or American writer was studied at college until he had been dead for a decent interval and could be regarded as a part of literary history, hence a fit subject for scholarship. Literary criticism was seldom practiced by academic figures in those days. On the one hand, established creative writers and specialists in literary journalism produced a satisfying quantity, if not quality, of criticism in the form of books and long articles in the better periodicals. On the other hand, the English faculties, small at that time, were kept fully occupied in organizing what was still a new field of study — traditional English literature. Much of what we now take for granted as English (and American) literature had been out of print for decades or centuries; many manuscripts by hallowed authors had never been printed at all. The history of the English language and of the growth of its various literary genres still remained to be written. Everything that had been done for Greek and Latin literature during and after the Renaissance must now be done for English.

EVENTUALLY, however, the British and American literary past was reduced to some sort of order, and the increasing number of Ph.D. candidates in English began to grow restive, for two reasons. First of all, much of the work now remaining to be done seemed like gleaning among the stubble after a great harvest had been reaped. A graduate student who worshiped Shakespeare felt less than happy at being advised to work on some minor, unharvested Elizabethan like Anthony Munday or Barnabe Rich. In the second place, contemporary English and American literature, quite apart from its attractiveness as virgin soil, seemed to be entering a new "Elizabethan Age." Henry James was barely cold in his grave; Bernard Shaw was still at the height of his powers; Yeats, Joyce, Pound and Eliot were producing work that not only challenged the critic by its novelty and disturbing power but also invited scholarly investigation by its breadth of cultural reference. D. H. Lawrence was posing moral problems unparalleled in fiction since the death of Dostoevsky; Gertrude Stein and a group of younger expatriates in Paris were promising surprising new developments in American letters. Is it any wonder that some young idealists refused to enroll for a Ph.D. at all if they were not allowed to work on contemporary authors?

At length the dam broke, and the "contemporary men" inundated the English faculties. But if a man's subject is contemporary literature, he finds that many of the traditional avenues of scholarship are not yet open to him. Bibliography is frustrating because of the scarcity of books, as is textual study because of the unavailability of manuscripts; biography is handicapped by natural reticence and the law of libel; the various techniques of historical scholarship which seek to re-create the spiritual, intellectual and social climate of past ages lose their point when the age in question is all around one. The potential scholar perforce becomes a critic — and the more inevitably since the most urgent task is to decide which contemporary authors deserve the attention of the academic community: nobody wants to be accused of casting swine before pearls. Having exercised his primary function of judgment, the critic can proceed to analyze and interpret the work he admires, in the hope of aiding others to see its excellence.

OFTEN, the critic of contemporary literature comes to feel that every object of traditional literary concern which lies outside the particular new work under scrutiny is either irrelevant — in that it tends to obscure the irreducible newness and individuality of that work — or inaccessible for the reasons already stated. Hence arose the now middle-aged "New Criticism," which insisted that the proper object of study was the literary work of art in isolation — regardless of its period of origin — and that all the other concerns of traditional scholarship were extra-literary. Holding such views, the New Critics began to infiltrate other areas besides contemporary literature. Nowadays, if a graduate student's interest lies in the Elizabethan period, he can avoid the Munday-Rich trap by proclaiming himself a critic eager to put forward a new interpretation of Shakespeare based on internal evidence. If the Shakespearean on the graduate faculty is too thorough a traditionalist to accept his thesis topic, perhaps the student can persuade the entrenched New Critic on the faculty to become his supervisor instead. In the latter case, the student gains his end at the cost of reviving the hostility between two professors and, very likely, between two factions in the English Department.

The war between scholar and critic

VIVIAN MERCIER'S three most recent scholarly articles, now in process of publication, deal with Swift, Joyce and Walter Savage Landor.

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is often described, in the wording of Swift's *Battle of the Books*, as a struggle between the "Ancients" and the "Moderns." To a considerable extent it is also a struggle between older men and younger ones, though of course an instructor specializing in Middle English may be lined up against a full professor whose field is contemporary literature. Nevertheless, the hostility between the two groups is not merely a matter of the established men resenting the newcomers and the newcomers resenting that resentment. Many of the Ancients have sincere doubts about the validity of literary criticism as an academic discipline and/or of contemporary literature as a fit subject for academic study. For their part, the Moderns feel that some of their opponents do not care for literature in a humanistic way at all and might have been better occupied in collecting and classifying scientific data as biologists or physicists.

IN SPITE of these misgivings, the war seems to be on the wane. Many of the more uncompromising Ancients have died or retired. Many of the hotheads among the Moderns have grown cooler with increasing age. The main reason for the *rapprochement*, as I see it, however, is that each side has learned something from the other. Medievalists are beginning to adopt a New Critical approach to, for example, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. Since traditional scholarly methods, along with plenty of futile and unscholarly speculation, have failed to discover the fourteenth-century author of this undoubted masterpiece, it seems wiser to explore the richness and symmetry of the poem itself than to investigate any further the circumstances which produced it. No "circumstances" short of a poet of genius could have "produced" this jewel; it was high time that it should be examined for its own sake rather than as evidence for some scholarly hypothesis. Such hypotheses have been indispensable in creating scholarly reputations, alas: the same one will make the reputation of (a) the scholar who proposes it; (b) the one who explodes it; (c) the one who revives it on the basis of new evidence, and so on ad infinitum.

The Moderns have learned even more from the Ancients: perhaps, as the Ancients claim, because they had more to learn in the first place, but also, I hope, because they are more open-minded. At any rate, the twentieth century is now more than sixty years of age, and the new is rapidly becoming the old. Joyce has been dead for more than twenty years, Lawrence for more than thirty; Hemingway and Faulkner have just passed on to join them. More and more, the critic who yearns to say something new about these writers and their contemporaries must transform himself into a scholar. Disciples of Joyce, for instance, are now busily editing and publishing the vast quantity of manuscript and typescript drafts and notes which ultimately became *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Similar study has already begun on Faulkner. A modernist who has never had to cope with manuscripts before may suddenly find himself up to his neck in problems which the medievalists have faced throughout their careers; if he doesn't try to profit by their experience, he's a numskull.

EVEN the printed page conceals all sorts of pitfalls. Many critics of contemporary literature have blithely embarked upon their tasks of judgment and interpretation without stopping to ask whether they were studying the authentic words of their author. In his *Textual and Literary Criticism*, Professor Fredson Bowers of the University of Virginia has urbanely pointed out a number of instances where critical comment — sometimes puzzled, sometimes blindly confident — on passages from Yeats, Eliot, Melville and other fairly recent writers has been based on faulty texts. Until a few months ago, when the

Tricks Out of Times Long Gone

Again that hour when taxies are deadheading home
Before the trolley-buses start to run
And snowdreams in a lace of mist drift down
When from asylum, barrack, cell and cheap hotel
All those whose lives were lived by someone else
Who never had a choice but went on what was left
Return along long walks where thrusts of grass
By force of love have split the measured stone.

I think hep-people leave small ghosts behind
For haunting of winter ball parks and locked bars
That ghosts of oldtime hookers walk once more
That no ghost follows where a square has gone.

Tonight when chimneys race against the cold
Tricks out of times long gone, forgotten marks
Come seeking chances lost, and long-missed scores
Faces once dear now nameless and bereft
Hepghosts made of rain that softly try old doors
Forever trying to get down one last bet.

Tarts out of times long gone
Booth-broad, bluemoon cruiser, coneroo
Come once again, palms outstretched to claim
What never was their own.
Drifters of no trade whose voices, unremembered,
Speak in the city wires overhead —
Now is the victims' hour where they go
Where winoes used to drink themselves to death
Or merely slept away their 29c woes.

Upon the just-before-day bus I saw a woman,
The only one who rode
Look wanly out at streets she used to know —
"And here I went" — "and there I slept" — "and there I rose" —
Again by evening in a billboard's cold blue glow
She came forever toward me
Walking slow
Saying *za za-za-zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza*
Walking slow

All day today old dreams like snowdreams drifting down
Faces once known now nameless in a mist
Return from hospital, prison and parole
Mouths that once the mouth of summer sweetly pressed
Saying *zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza*
Within a rain that lightly rains regret.

Nelson Algren

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Modern Library *Ulysses* was reset, an uncertain amount of American Joyce criticism was still being based on an extremely unreliable text, inadvertently copied from a pirated edition.

The scholar in contemporary literature needs to study modern printing techniques with some of the care that modern Shakespeare scholars have lavished on the printing practices of the Elizabethans. (I should explain that, since none of Shakespeare's plays exists in manuscript, the search to discover what Shakespeare "really" wrote has led scholars to identify not only the customs of particular Elizabethan printing shops, but also the habits of individual compositors, including some fairly idle apprentices.) For instance, a bad splice in the negative of an American photo-offset edition resulted in the omission of a line from T. S. Eliot's "The Rock." Lord help the critic who doesn't know that a line is missing or thinks that the belated "revision" improves the passage.

IT WOULD be premature to say that the civil war in the English Departments is entirely over. In May of 1961, Michigan State University held the first session of a two-part Conference in the Study of Twentieth-Century Literature. The report of its proceedings makes stimulating and often amusing reading, for the views of the participants diverged widely. Although I share — or, at times, have borrowed — some of the ideas of Father Walter Ong, S.J., I find other views of his altogether too optimistic. For example, he claimed that "close attention to present-day literature has produced an articulateness and penetration in literary criticism such as we have never known before." Elsewhere at the conference, Professor Donald Hall said bluntly, "I think we've been living through an age of extremely poor criticism." There is plenty of room for the truth between these two extremes. Father Ong also remarked rather complacently that "the tension between the New Critics and the historical scholars has by now diminished to the point of virtual disappearance." Professor Clarence Gohdes, Chairman of the Board of Editors of *American Literature*, refuted this cosy notion from the moment he began to speak. For him, "recent literature as a subject for either research or instruction is the most difficult area of study in the entire range of the literary discipline." He voiced his dismay at "the almost incredible mass of trivial comment or subjective appraisal that passes current as scholarship in the field." His hope for the future was expressed in ironic terms: "Criticism, or what has passed for criticism, has become outworn, so that we shall have to go to something else."

I think we know by now what that "something else" should be: a fruitful marriage — somewhere between a love match and a shotgun wedding—of scholarship with criticism. The distinction between scholar and critic has always been a misleading one in any case. What was Aristotle, a scholar or a critic? Plainly, he was both. Furthermore, although he wrote his *Poetics* about seventy-five years after the great age of Greek tragedy had ended, he showed no prejudice against the literature produced by his contemporaries.

Nomads in the Machine Age

NOMADS AND COMMISSARS: Mongolia Revisited. By Owen Lattimore. Oxford University Press. 238 pp. $5.75.

K. M. Panikkar

AFTER MUCH consideration, the Mongolian People's Republic celebrated in 1962 the 800th anniversary of the birth of Genghis Khan. This celebration, coming as it did shortly after Mongolia's admission to the United Nations in 1961, should help to remind us that the Mongols were at one time a great conquering nation that ruled an empire of greater extent than Great Britain's at its peak, and that though today Mongolia's population is only just under a million, it is once again a full-fledged member of the international family. And yet, in spite of its very long history, Mongolia is one of the countries about which not much is known to the outside world. Owen Lattimore's *Nomads and Commissars*, based on a recent visit and giving the reader an inside view of contemporary developments, should, therefore, find a ready welcome.

No one outside the Communist world can claim to know Mongolia as well as Dr. Lattimore. His scholarly interest in the Mongol people dates back to 1927 when he paid a visit of study to what is now called Inner Mongolia; he is familiar with the language, literature and history of the area. The present work, based on an on-the-spot study which the author conducted in 1961, is a descriptive and analytic study of what is happening today in that part of the world. To call it an excellent piece of reportage would be unfair, for though the descriptions derive from recent observations, a great deal of scholarly background unobtrusively informs and colors the vivid narrative.

Lattimore raises two issues that are of unusual interest. The first is the

K. M. PANIKKAR has been Indian Ambassador to China, to Egypt and most recently to France; he has been a member of the Indian delegation to the United Nations. At present, Dr. Panikkar is Vice Chancellor of the University of Jammu and Kashmir. Among his many books are Asia and Western Dominance, In Two Chinas, India and China.

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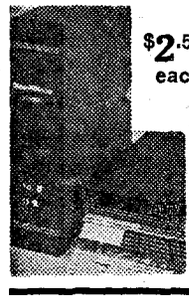

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matter of how Mongolia, with its special conditions of a large area (600,000 square miles) and a sparse nomadic population of just under a million, became the laboratory for an experiment in economic assistance meant to transform its pastoral economy into that of a modern Marxist state. The second is how Mongolia, placed between the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic (and formerly the Japanese Empire), has been able to uphold its independence of outlook and action within the general framework of the Communist bloc.

HISTORY had been, so to say, at a standstill for the Mongols in the five-hundred-year interval between the loss of their empire and the Revolution of 1921. The conversion to Lamaism would seem to have been the deciding factor in this stagnation. With no less than a hundred "living Buddhas," high abbots claiming to be incarnate lamas, and with a large proportion of the male population leading an uneconomic life as monks in monasteries, it is no wonder that Mongolia ceased for half a millennium to play a significant role in Asian history.

With the Chinese Revolution of 1911-12 came a change. The Mongols, like the Tibetans, seem to have held that their relations with China were maintained only through the Manchu dynasty and that the suzerainty which the Son of Heaven had exercised ceased with the elimination of the emperor. Accordingly, Mongolia during this period emerged as an autonomous buffer state between Russia and China.

And so it might have continued but for two factors: the upheaval in Siberia following the October Revolution, and the arrival of Japan on the scene. Japan attempted to create a protectorate that included both the inner and outer territories under the slogan of a Greater Mongolia. This threat Mongolia had to take seriously and its reply was a firm alliance with the Soviet Union. Russia undertook to defend Mongolia's frontiers from external aggression, and in the undeclared war which Japanese forces carried on in Manchuria for years, what enabled the Mongols to uphold their independence, and in fact to inflict on Japan a major defeat in 1939, was the assistance given them by the Soviets. This period ended only with the Yalta Conference, following which Chiang Kai-shek recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia. (However, it was another sixteen years before the Generalissimo withdrew his veto over the admission of the Mongolian People's Republic to the United Nations.) For this interesting and little-known period, which ended with the admission of Mongolia to the U.N., *Nomads and Commissars* provides an excellent guide.

THE REAL significance of Mongol history in the postwar period is the success of the program of economic cooperation with the Soviets by which a predominantly nomad community has, within a short period, modernized its economy and social life. From nomadism to the machine age, the transition has been effected without any large-scale liquidation of classes or dislocation of life. No doubt Mongolia had a long period of apprenticeship to communism. Also, during this fairly long period (1921 to 1950), though Mongolia's external relations had to bear many stresses and strains, Mongol-Soviet cooperation seems to have developed on a sound basis. The Soviets, therefore, had both the background of knowledge and suitable political conditions for the successful working of their program of economic aid.

The unstated question that runs through Lattimore's book is: "Why is it that, in spite of much greater volume of financial aid and technical assistance, and at least an equal amount of good will, the American aid programs do not show comparable results in Asian countries?" Many explanations can be given: the high land-population ratio in Mongolia, the absence of a capitalist class, the considerable time granted the Soviets to acquaint themselves with the problems they had to meet. But whatever the reasons, the success of the Soviet aid program in Mongolia seems to be undisputed and it deserves careful study. That is what Professor Lattimore has done with notable success in this book.

The Indefinite Hunter

McALMON AND THE LOST GENERATION: A Self Portrait. Edited by Robert E. Knoll. University of Nebraska Press. 396 pp. $7.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

FOR THOSE of us who knew him, Robert McAlmon was always something of a problem. He certainly never made himself easy to like, and as he grew older, more embittered, more alcoholic, he became about as difficult a man as could be imagined. Robert Knoll speaks several times in this book of McAlmon's engaging charm. True, in his heyday he could turn on very winning ways, even in the midst of a savage hangover. More important, in his heyday he had power and the imagined disposal of fabulous sums of money. So he had lots of friends. Prematurely old, sick, wandering around the West in a mild state of alcoholic hallucinosis, living on his relatives, he had few indeed.

McAlmon started out as possibly the most promising of the ultimate generation of Populist writers — a contemporary of Evelyn Scott and Lola Ridge in Greenwich Village. He made a sensational marriage to a woman of immense wealth. He believed, after a short while, that he had been tricked into a marriage of convenience. Looking back on it from my own intervening years of sad experience, I am inclined to think that he was in fact deeply loved. But he didn't think so, and the inability, ever after, to believe that he was genuinely loved corroded his soul. Most writers are mildly schizoid and love-lost. Like Trotsky, who believed GPU men were hiding in the bushes, McAlmon had objective grounds for his pathology — but pathology it was, nevertheless.

WITH AN infinitesimal portion of his wife's wealth, he ran Contact Press, one of the historical publishing ventures of Paris-America in *Cette Belle Epoque.* He published everybody of consequence. Everybody was indebted to him, or if they weren't they were busy trampling others senseless in their efforts to become so. McAlmon was not a fool, he knew where he stood. For, you see, he was not naturally a rich man. He was not buying off the guilty burden of steel mills, copper mines, banks or shipping empires.

What he was naturally was a writer, and a rather simple but most canny one. His mind had been shaped in windy nights by oil lamps in farm houses in the corn fields of the prairie states. He had watched the well-known collapse of the Protestant ethic at the seismological epicenter. He had seen the very Norahs and Heddas themselves go off to Self-Determination, in their starched shirtwaists, smoking pistols in their hands, castrated males writhing on provincial

KENNETH REXROTH is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

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floors behind them, like rattlesnakes made harmless by one slug of a forty-five. He knew, as it were, the score.

This bitter knowledge gave him a style that at moments rose to the level of the best epitaphs in *Spoon River*. At its worst it never lost the bumbling clumsiness that is a precious ingredient in the charm of one of our greatest prose stylists — Theodore Dreiser. What I am trying to convey is that Bob McAlmon was a bona fide native of the American hinterland. It would be hard to find anybody less like the French poets and novelists of the late Dada and early Surrealist periods. Yet Philipe Soupault, Louis Aragon and the rest were the ones who understood him best in those days and who to this day remember him with fondness. "What ever happened to McAlmon?" Everybody asked that question for twenty years. The French asked it with affectionate nostalgia, the Americans patronizingly, with contempt. After all, *they* had arrived, and where was he? And who remembered they had been given their first ride on the greasy golden toboggan of success by Robert McAlmon? Nobody, at least nobody who was anybody. Everybody had forgotten.

FOR YEARS a few people tried to get him published in America. Nobody would touch him, or if they did, Bob, sick, drunk and hostile, made himself so extraordinarily disagreeable that they dropped him. One of Scribners' leading authors stormed into Perkins' office and said, "If you publish McAlmon I will break my contract." He was, in the estimation of his then colleagues and associates, one of the leading writers of the twenties and thirties, one of a group who have all become twentieth-century classics. He never even so much as achieved publication by a "bourgeois publisher," unless you call New Directions "bourgeois" which it sure wasn't in those days. In America, James Laughlin published his volume of verse, *Not Alone Lost*. Nobody bought it. It is the poorest selling title in New Directions history. In Paris, Caresse Crosby published, in her premature paperback series, a collection of stories, *The Indefinite Huntress*. Nobody bought that either. The title story, about an Ibsen girl he knew with the greatest intimacy is Spoon River with a vengeance. Sad, wise, deeply resonant, few better insights into human motivation have come out of the prairies. Why didn't anybody buy it? You'd think the movies would have grabbed it for the title alone. It is the perfect marquee identification of all the love-lost heroines, seeking, seeking, through the twentieth century — the century, as they say, of the common man. I'm not being flippant in what to me is a pathetic and tragic case — but it is the ideal title for the sure to be issued "Marilyn Monroe Story."

AND so for McAlmon, too. He was an indefinite enough hunter. What was he hunting for? To write well, utterly without bull, and to understand human beings. He wanted nothing but compassion — and the other side of the coin of compassion, which is style. To find this pot at the foot of this rainbow you have to be loved, I guess, and if Bob was ever loved, except by the wife whom he did not believe, I never heard of it. Yet we all loved him, even after he was gone, with his flopping gait, his stinking breath, his rumbling guts and his raling lungs. Korsakoff's Syndrome . . . in the last years, he was disoriented in time and kept slipping off, back to that damn yacht in the Mediterranean and confabulating myths and *Märchen* of bygone days in the first one-piece bathing suits.

Robert Knoll is apparently a professor at Nebraska, which university has inherited the McAlmon papers. It is easy for the remnants of the *avant-garde* to say that he is making a career of poor old Bob, and doesn't really dig him. O.K., why didn't they? This book is a collection of McAlmon stories, strung together on excerpts from his autobiography, and eked out with explanatory comment by Professor Knoll. I can think of more satisfactory ways to handle McAlmon — or can I? After all, though he was in his own eyes above all else a dedicated writer, he was, as dedicated writers go, an exceptionally human one. The human man is here, and the stories into which he spoke as he lived.

LETTER from EDINBURGH

Roslyn Rosen

"YOU'VE been watching a circus," Norman Mailer shouted up to the great curved balconies of Edinburgh's McEwan Hall, "and that's good!"

Perhaps it was, but the tamed lions on stage showed more fear than the 8,000 spectators who jammed the five sessions of the International Writers' Conference. They had come, late in August, to hear debates on the future of the novel, censorship and commitment. On the whole, the writers were committed to Joyce's vow of "silence, exile and cunning."

Mary McCarthy said the best young writers were writing novels of exile. Alexander Trocchi, author of two novels concerned with sex and drug addiction and editor of the first magazine to publish Beckett, announced that he preferred to give the reader a jolt, to show the "arse-end of civilization." Except for a rousing fight among the Scots, few writers dared to stand right-side up. The word "irony" recurred. Angus Wilson prescribed it as essential to the future of the novel. An Austrian, Erich Fried, said: "Through irony it is possible to remain in a tradition without being swallowed up by it." It's indeed ironical that the most positive statement came from Alan Paton, who had been denied a passport to attend. He wrote:

> I would have given a great deal to be with you. We are learning here to do without many freedoms. What is intolerable is to know that so many

ROSLYN ROSEN has written short stories, lyrics and skits for several Broadway revues, and a three-act play produced at Loyola University. She is now completing a novel.

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of one's fellow South Africans, and I'm sorry to say mostly white ones, give up these freedoms without an apparent pang. They don't want freedom any more. They want only security.

He went on to describe the many forms of censorship in his country, the ban on just such gatherings as we were attending, and concluded, "I hope that one of the results of your conference will be the encouragement of the defenders of human liberty in all parts of the world."

Little encouragement was forthcoming. When a member of the press asked at a meeting on the last morning why no statements had been made on the world situation, on nuclear disarmament, why two out of the two and a half hours set aside to discuss censorship had been spent on sex and pornography, Douglas Young, the Scottish writer replied, "A writer must be concerned with minute particulars." He explained that he separated himself as "a writer and a person." Lawrence Durrell kept silent, as he did most of the time. Rosamund Lehmann said writers must protect their detachment. To Robert Jungk, Austrian-born journalist and scientist (*Brighter than a Thousand Suns*), the conference had up to that point presented "a picture of the private preoccupation of the Western writer."

John Calder, a London publisher whose list resembles that of Grove Press in New York and who was instrumental in organizing the conference, was asked whether he believed the afternoons might have taken a different turn if Sartre, de Beauvoir and Bertrand Russell had accepted their invitations. He replied reasonably and rather uncomfortably that he did not know.

THE BIG names who *were* present did not meet the challenge of the responsive audiences. After a wild reception, Henry Miller said the novel had been dead fifty years. Why discuss it? "I hope we'll get on to something stimulating, like music or painting," and he sat down. Durrell believed too many books were being written. He didn't read novels himself, but he said authors were giving performances instead of offering nourishment. He then offered little. "You must ask three questions of the novel. Does it make me care? Does it bring joy? Have I been changed by it?"

Muriel Spark disagreed: "You mustn't try to change people or you'll be like those people we write about. They try to boss everybody." She'd said earlier, "I know nothing about novels because I write them." One wondered why these writers came. Could it have been the publicity, the fact that hundreds of books were sold in the lobby, or because the expenses of many of the writers were paid by their publishers?

Some of the speakers tried to make genuine contributions. Mary McCarthy gave the impression that she couldn't quite control her cleverness. "The French novel is a vogue of dressmaking. Robbe-Grillet dropped the hemline and the others followed suit. The Italian novel is a branch of the Italian film." She approved of the work of Updike, Salinger, Welty, Malamud, Bellows. "Young writers are asking the identity question." She spoke of the "self-interrogation of the Jew." She disagreed with Angus Wilson's praise of the ironical Ivy Compton-Burnett: "How can she go on constantly writing the same book?" She found the work of William Burroughs (*The Naked Lunch*, banned in Great Britain and the United States) and Nabokov (*Lolita* and *Pale Fire*) most exciting. They pointed toward an "international novel of statelessness, the subject of the future. The national novel is dying like the nation-state."

This troubled the Israeli, Izhar Smilansky. "I come from a country where everything is beginning, yet I'm told the nation-state has died. We see an end to the longest exile known. Is anything as exciting as Israel's reception of refugees? Hold your everlasting laments and join us with songs of love. Will the large lands swallow up the small ones or is there room for us to be heard?"

THE question of nationalism came up again violently on the second day, when the Scots battled out the subject of what "language" to use. Alexander Reid, playwright, said "Scottish writing is not local color but being oneself. The traditions of England and Scotland are totally different." Glasgow-born Alexander Trocchi (he wrote *Cain's Book* on a Hudson River traprock barge) called the entire discussion "turgid petty provincial stale cold-porridge Bible-clasping nonsense. Of what is interesting in the last twenty years in Scottish writing, I myself have written it all." This was followed by name calling, a question from the audience: "Doesn't a country have to go through a phase of nationalism before it can become international?"

Thereupon Trocchi flew into a rage, dared the chairman to throw him out, and then left. Sidney Goodsir Smith, who had been patriotically sipping Scotch on the platform, approached the mike to say: "You can't make poetry in Esperanto. You can only make it in the language of the tribe."

The Scots kept apologizing afterward for their display, but it had more guts in it than most of the proceedings — especially Robin Jenkins' comment on identity: "I know who I am. The miners from Fife, the farm workers from the Mearns, know who they are. There is room for responsible, serious novelists to deal with these people as they are because they have a richness of humanity which the people in the books praised by Mr. Trocchi do not."

There was, in fact, little mention of alternatives, of room for many kinds of books. What prevailed, rather, was censorship by ridicule and thinking in the current fashion. Almost everyone took a swipe at Hugh MacDiarmid, the seventy-year-old poet, who offered himself as a sitting duck by announcing that he was committed to communism. John Amirthanayagen, attending from Ceylon, asked: "How can such a wonderful poet be such a political simpleton?" Lawrence Durrell, bland on the platform, showed great irritability toward MacDiarmid in a BBC recording. Muriel Spark giggled her agreement, adding that MacDiarmid was a marvelous poet, all the same. A chorus chanted in unison about the "conformity" of the novels of C. P. Snow. "They're not art, but sociology," said Angus Wilson. In a conference that spent much time on freedom for pornography, "sociology, politics and propaganda" were the only dirty words. Though Angus Wilson gave a stirring speech about a meeting with Alan Paton, "a private man forced to make a public stand," he did not say what he thought about Paton's novels. Were they exempt from the stigma of sociology as long as the author was taking a risk way out there in South Africa?

Miss McCarthy did say that many classics were propaganda novels especially those by Stendhal and Tolstoy, but the great fear seemed to be that any commitment broader than to oneself could only result in a relapse into the formula novels of social realism written in the thirties. Dame Rebecca West said "a writer is never committed to an idea. An idea possesses him and takes over."

In a Train

There has been a light snow.
Dark car tracks move toward us out of the darkness.
I stare at the train window marked with soft dust.
I have awakened at Missoula, Montana, utterly happy.

Robert Bly

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She felt that some magazines, notably the *New Statesman*, had done irreparable damage, but that the novel was not dead. It suffered from bad criticism. "It would not matter if most of today's critics had been strangled at birth." She saw more life in modern drama and mentioned the work of Harold Pinter.

Angus Wilson believed that "in an age when individualism is under constant danger, the novel is to be respected because it is the celebration of the individual." He criticized the work of Kingsley Amis, John Wain and Alan Sillitoe. They were in the tradition of the old English novel of the good way of life and purely provincial. David Daiches thought that "the difficulty is to create positive heroes because we know too much about what makes the hero tick psychologically."

Khushwant Singh, in turban and beard, said the English had given the Indian novel a distinct commitment — to propagandize against English rule. He spoke of Iris Murdoch and the "sleeping-pill neurosis of the West, of preoccupations with nymphomania, lesbianism, drug-addiction, homosexuality, perversions so prevalent in these parts of the world. In India we are up against far graver problems." Later, he drew the densest applause of the conference when he stated his personal commitment to inner solitude, love, death and truth. This enormous response was interpreted by Robert Jungk as springing from "some spiritual craving of the audience," yet curiously enough, Singh's novels are mainly sociological.

It's hard to say what the very large audiences craved, for they applauded Hugh MacDiarmid, the Communist, as loudly as Alexander Trocchi, the self-confessed heroin addict. They applauded Singh when he said that homosexual love could not be as complete as heterosexual love, and they applauded Angus Wilson when he cried out, "Shame, shame," to that. They applauded an ex-pornographer who came up from the audience to say that there should be absolutely no curtailment on pornography, and they applauded Rebecca West when she pointed out a danger in this position. There is cruelty and sadism in all of us, she said, and wept as she described her feelings when she witnessed the sentencing of Julius Streicher. "I am completely opposed to capital punishment, yet I was glad to see a man sentenced to be hanged."

The future of the novel was discussed on the last day. William Burroughs asked for experimentation, borrowing new techniques from the film, painting, music. Durrell agreed: "We are trying to find a new cosmology." Norman Mailer said, "Man is grappling with material commodities. He wants to tame the machine." David Daiches believed that in the French novels, "We hope to find ourselves through objects and the consciousness of others, to assure ourselves that we are here." Trocchi felt a need to reflect the fragmentation of the modern world in his work. Peter Segedin, a Yugoslav writer, asked, "Is Western painting heading toward the destruction of the object, its literature toward the destruction of character?"

"The real trouble," said Mary McCarthy, "is that the novelist can't seriously believe in the future, not even the present. It's too incredible. It has to be toned down." Richard Hughes said writers are not superlatively intelligent. They cannot provide answers. They can only ask questions.

Robert Jungk called for serious novelists to "bridge the gap between the sciences and humanity. There should be people who can lift us up, let us see the picture as a whole. In this conference there is too much passion for the end, for the dark, for destruction. There are plenty of people who want to live on into the future and the novelists are creating nothing for them."

Angus Wilson, Stephen Spender, Erich Fried and Mary McCarthy attacked this plea. Jungk was asking for a messiah. Novelists are humble people; they can write only out of their own experience. "Jungk speaks of the novelist in a most utilitarian way," said Miss McCarthy, "as if he were some sort of plumber who has failed to fix the drains." Significantly, the conference ended with six writers grouped at a table urgently trying to convince Jungk why such novels could not be written. In any case not by them.

The conference was considered great box office. In the general opinion there will be others. Perhaps Sartre, de Beauvoir, Ehrenburg, Moravia, Bertrand Russell, Sholokhov will accept their invitations next time. Perhaps Paton will come. What would these "silent and cunning" dissenters have to say in his presence?

Fire and Shell

The brutish turtle picked a hard,
unbending shell,
So heavy that it held him in the mud,
That first blast shelter.
There humans softly naked visit him
And bake him sweet.

Arthur and Howard Waskow

ART

Hilton Kramer

IN ART a man may be a prophet without becoming a believer. He may point to a promised land, but have neither the wish nor the will to reside there himself. Such, I believe, was the case with Arthur B. Davies. He was one of the men most directly responsible for introducing the modernist art of Europe into American life, yet he never quite succumbed to modernist doctrine in his own painting. He remained an exponent of nineteenth-century allegory and romance, a visionary of innocent ritual and pastoral dreams. His critical faculty, which gave him immediate and sympathetic access to the most radical ideas prevailing in the European art of his time, seems not to have affected his sensibility as a painter in any useful way. His mind was divided, and he remained ingenuously loyal to each of its disparate persuasions.

Davies played two important but unequal roles in the history of modern

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painting in this country; and, as it happens, they are both coming due for commemoration and recognition. He was first of all a very gifted artist; he was also a remarkably open-minded and percipient observer of other people's art. Born in Utica, New York, in 1862, Davies is currently the subject of a centennial exhibition which opened at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in his home town this summer and which can now be seen at the Whitney Museum, in New York, for the month beginning September 19, before going on tour to Rochester, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Boston. He was, moreover, one of the prime movers in organizing the celebrated Armory Show of 1913, soon to be reassembled in a fiftieth-anniversary exhibition that is certain to provoke a thousand expressions of pious acclaim for every note of dissent that was sounded a half-century ago. The convergence of these two events thus repeats the cruel irony which presided over Davies' career in his lifetime. The Armory Show should have been a vindication of his achievement as an artist; instead it introduced a standard of judgment by which his own accomplishment could only be found wanting in historical and artistic relevance. And now this centennial survey of his life's work—he died in 1928—is destined to be overshadowed by an anniversity celebration which commemorates, among other things, his own good judgment.

THE SPONSORS of the Davies exhibition have done nothing to rescue the artist's reputation from this historical irony. On the contrary, they have taken refuge in it, using it as a cover for their failure to provide a coherent statement on Davies' development and significance as an artist. Two museum officials, both purporting to be experts on American painting, provide the catalogue texts which, in both length and character, are indistinguishable from book-jacket blurbs. (The third contribution, a short letter by the late Walter Pach recounting Davies' role in the Armory Show, is clearly intended to be the principal statement.) The study of American painting in the nineteenth century has rarely attracted first-class minds, and the results of this situation are clearly revealed in the intellectual shoddiness of the present endeavor. It has been left to the graphic designer to provide a handsomely printed booklet, complete with lavender end papers, in lieu of the definitive catalogue and critical introduction which are not even attempted.

THE pity is that Davies was in many ways a typical case — the American painter of limited gifts whose lack of a fixed tradition exposed him to enervating uncertainties and alien experiments — and a serious study of his work would tell us a great deal about a whole class of American artists both of his own time and of ours. Davies shared some of the interests and weaknesses of the Pre-Raphaelite painters in England. He was much attracted to the work of Botticelli and Blake, and wanted to make his painting a kind of allegorical poetry. What prevented him from following through on this ambition was primarily his greater sensitivity to the visual discriminations of the painting medium, but he was hampered by something else as well: the lack of a clearly defined group ideology of the sort that buoyed even the weakest of the Pre-Raphaelites on their artistic quest. The only strength Davies could muster against his uncertainties was a close adherence to his own experience. (In this, too, he was firmly in the line of artists from Copley to Hartley who were always strongest when they stayed close to first-hand observation and eschewed foreign concepts.) It is no accident that the finest painting in the centennial exhibition is the landscape, *Along the Erie Canal* (1890), painted in Davies' home country. This picture has all those qualities of pastoral reverie and dreamlike delicacy that characterize his best work, and it is uncorrupted by the "ideas" and inventions which ruin so many of his pictures and which seem to have no reason for being other than his chronic failure of confidence in his own unaided vision. *Along the Erie Canal* is one of the loveliest landscapes produced in this country in the nineteenth century, and its purity is itself a criticism of the distortions and false ambitions which dominated Davies' later works.

THIS later work, with its profusion of nymphlike nudes and symbolical attitudes and its potpourri of stylistic devices from Puvis de Chavannes to Boccioni and Jacques Villon, makes a very distressing spectacle. All of Davies' natural poetry, which was always more a matter of the brush responding to the delicacy of his eye than he could ever believe, gradually dies out, giving way at every point to the importunities of stylistic concepts which could never be assimilated to his native innocence. Davies was not one of those artists who simply adopt another man's style and outlook. He remained intensely loyal to his own dream, which aspired to a vision of man and nature in a lyrical harmony beyond the reach of experience. His adoption of *avant-garde* methods was intended to amplify and dramatize the dimensions of that dream, but it succeeded only in alienating his art from the very source of his innocence—that clear-eyed delight in natural fact and delicate feeling which is the starting point of all his real achievements. His use of modernist devices introduced the element of worldly sophistication into his art that his view of experience had always sought to avoid. The sympathy and respect he lavished on the innovations of modern art may have been a great service to his countrymen—for the Armory Show robbed us all of an innocence that the First World War would have shortly made insupportable in any case — but they marked the downfall of an appealing and courageous artist.

HILTON KRAMER will be The Nation's *art critic for the 1962-63 season, in the absence of Max Kozloff who is living and working this year in Europe. Mr. Kramer, until recently the editor of* Arts, *is completing a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be published by Doubleday-Anchor.*

Correction

Two lines and a stanza space were transposed in the poem, "I Want To Live," by Clayton Eshleman [*The Nation*, September 1]. The passage should have read:

> On top Don Quixote
> beaming from burro-back
> wearing his father's boots, his
> sombrero . . .
>
> at thirteen he left home
> to move across the street

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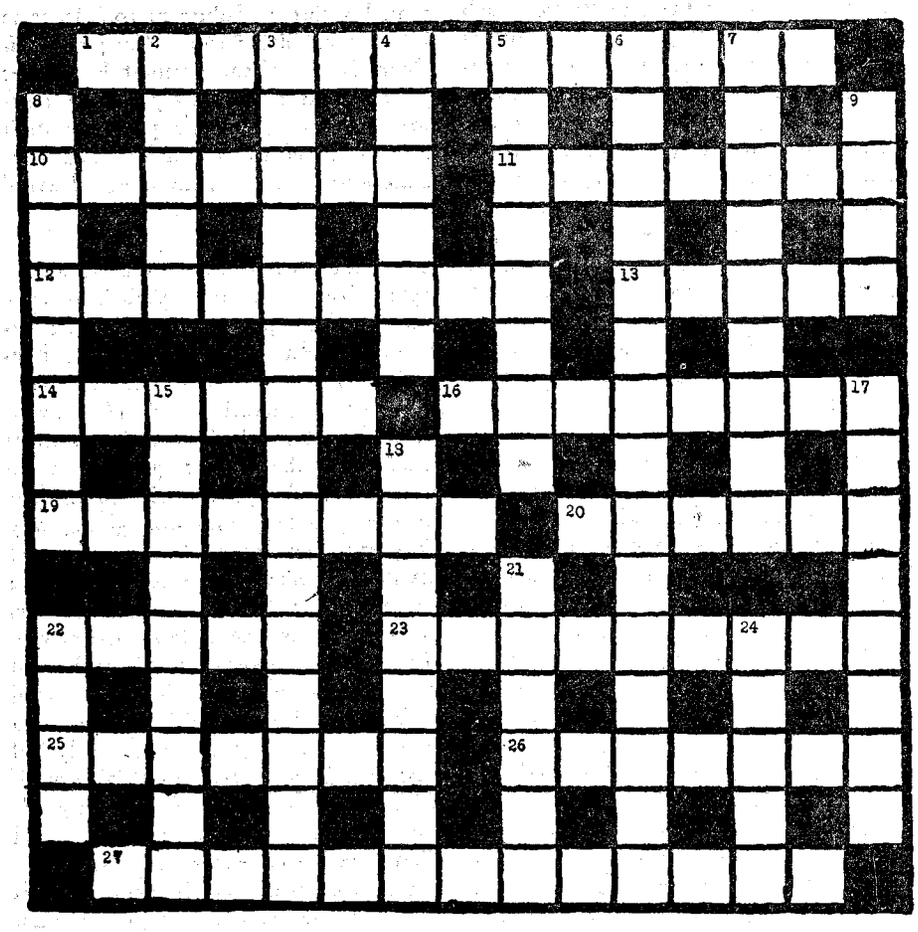
Crossword Puzzle No. 977

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What one can do with an umbrella is a real challenge! (3, 2, 2, 4, 2)
10 How to spot a good paint job? (7)
11 Both 5 and 22 across might be such clues, and yet claim us to be wrong. (7)
12 Is it agreeable to examine the boy worker? (9)
13 See 14
14 and 13 Life poses, in the possession of Cuba, in the main. (4, 2, 5)
16 They should be capable of looking out for themselves. (8)
19 Contrive. (8)
20 Treats groups of growing trees? (6)
22 See 24 down
23 Acute loss suffered by one's champion, perhaps. (4, 5)
25 Nothing in the rabble could cause you to get work out of it. (7)
26 Just happens to be a side bet? (7)
27 They should not offer amendments to liberty. (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Reputedly this contains powerful stuff. (5)
3 You can't say such things! (15)
4 Does such a street have a unique manner? (3-3)
5 An Arab, for example, gets around on only half a step. (8)
6 Certainly not like Ellington's lady. (15)
7 World government business is evidently a matter of indifference. (9)
8 Such a fold of strata makes nice soil, at any rate. (8)
9 Superior to desire? (4)
15 Politician with a pigeon at the bottom of the list? (3, 6)
17 Waiters are sometimes kept in it. (8)
18 Might be the first of 14, but what turns is over-slow. (3, 5)
21 A line the speaker declares impassable? (6)
22 The mournful sound of very unlikable chaps? (4)
24 and 22 across One way to make a line for someone 18 or 19, descriptively. (10)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 976

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